

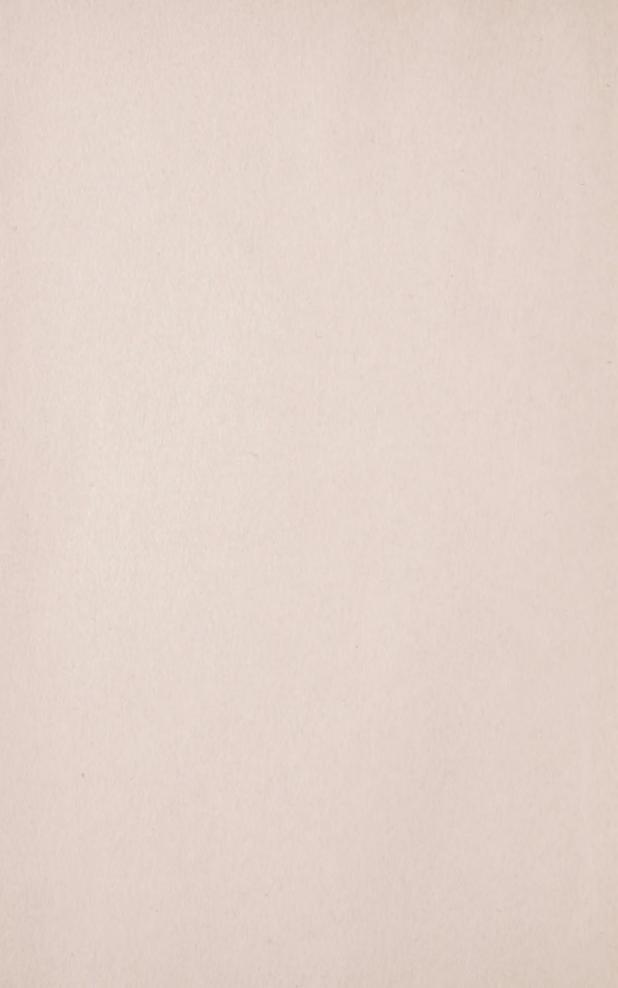


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TOORALLADDY







"By the way, my boy," said the senator, "where did you get that ridiculous name, Tooralladdy?" Page 33.

TOORALLADDY

BY

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TOORALLADDY

CHAPTER I

"ON'Y FER TOORALLADDY I WUDN'T BE KOTCHED"

DUSK of the evening and the voices of children at play.

Their cheerful and happy laughter sounds through the quiet of the secluded neighborhood while the yellow flash of the gas-lamps pierces the twilight. Old Thaddy Flynn, the crookbacked lamplighter, with his ladder and torch, jogs from pave to pave kindling a trail of lights, one on the north side of the street, now one on the south, until he finishes his zigzag course and disappears. As he leans his ladder against each succeeding lamp-post, the children nearby run and put their ears to the hollow iron shaft to hear the gas rush up; and as Thaddy descends and continues on his march they salute him with cries of

"Thaddy Flynn, Daddy Flynn, The light is lit, the gas is in!"

But Thaddy does not mind them in the

least: he has heard that song for these many years, from their elder sisters and brothers and from the parents of some of them, who once were the children of this street. So he goes his gruff way with his twisting, limping gait, and the children return to their play.

Sometime during the century just past—and that may mean five, or thirty-five, or even ninety-five years ago; I will not commit myself to any period more definite—there existed a small and extremely democratic community in a street not a quarter of a mile, as the crow flies, from what is now the commercial center of a large western city; and when I call it a democratic community, I do not mean anything relating to political parties, as I shall presently explain.

This community was small in more senses than one. Small in numbers, its membership varying from twenty to thirty, perhaps; and small in stature, for those who belonged to it were all children; and though some of them lived in handsome homes, and a few in hovels, and the majority belonged to families that were comfortably well-off, yet there were no distinctions between them that related in any way to wealth or poverty, or, for the matter of that, to difference of complexion.

Poverty was represented by the Gifts, a family of very decent colored people; the children were the first generation out of slavery, and the mother, once a slave, was now janitress of Zion Colored Baptist Church, in the basement of which they lived. Then there were the Doolans, who lived in two rooms in a tenement house; and the Jenkinses, whose crippled father did chores for everybody in the neighborhood; and the Ginns, children of a semifashionable dressmaker; and so on, up the scale, to Dillie and Cillie Darbison, whose father was an ex-senator, a man who owned his ward and was a power in politics by reason of his well-known honesty and probity. Between Jane Gift, ex-slave, and John Darbison. ex-senator, there were people on that street of every grade of society and of many nationalities, including a few Italians, some recent German immigrants, several Jews, and a family of mixed Indian and negro blood. They were all decent, respectable people, and their children played, quarreled, and made up among themselves as it is only possible for children to do in small communities where everybody knows everybody else, and all may rest assured that there is no black sheep in the little fold.

This street was shut in by its location in such a way as to be very retired and almost suburban. It was only one block in length, but that a long one, equal to two streets that ran parallel to it; and whereas you could enter it from its western end-and when you did you were always surprised and delighted at its width, its fine old houses, its pretty front and side yards and its old forest trees—when you reached the farther extremity on the south pavement you found yourself brought up short by the blank side wall of a three-story brick house that jutted out where the pavement should have continued; and beyond that house a high board fence stretched across to the north side of the street to the corner of a great square frame structure that was a meeting-house for a Welsh congregation.

If you were riding or driving, the only thing to do was to turn about and go out as you had come in; but if you were on foot, you might penetrate beyond the fence through a small gate that opened just where the middle of the street would properly be; and then you would see, to the left, the Welsh Yard, and to the right, the Dutch Yard, and straight ahead of you, a narrow, crooked path that led down a gentle slope and seemed to wander into no-

where, but which really conducted one, through considerable muck and mire, to the next crossstreet, a good long block away.

The street should have had, at its open end, a "No Thoroughfare" sign, for it had never been carried out to its full length as planned. But that was not set down to its discredit by the people who lived there; in fact, many of them lived there for that very reason, for that was what made it particularly attractive to people with large families of small children; the children could be turned loose to play at any and all hours of the day, and there were no qualms in their mothers' hearts lest Tom, Dick, or Harry, Nan, Katie, or Sue might be run over or knocked down by a passing team. Only milk wagons, vegetable pedlers and coal carts came that way, and they did their errands slowly and then speedily departed.

Most of the houses were large and of substantial build; indeed, there were only seven small frame cottages on the whole long block. Most of them, too, were occupied by their owners, who took pride in keeping them very spick and span; and those which were rented commanded a good class of tenants, thus keeping the neighborhood one of undoubted respectability.

Senator Darbison lived in a large, double house on the south side of the street. It had a wide flight of white marble steps leading up to the double-leaved door, which opened into a long and wide hall running quite through the house; and on either side of the steps, about four feet above the pavement, were stone balconies guarded by iron balustrades, on which opened the long windows that belonged to the parlor on the one side, and the library on the other side of the house. In front there was no garden nor grass plot, for the house stood flush with the street; but at the side and back there were lawns and flower-beds and a few unprofitable fruit trees, with here and there an immense sycamore for shade, and away in the rear the stable. The side lawn was separated from the street by an iron fence which insured privacy but did not cut off a view of the pretty garden that was a source of enjoyment to the neighborhood. Senator Darbison's was by far the most pretentious house in the block, and the most hospitable, as accorded well with its owner's generous disposition and his family traditions.

Almost opposite, but a little further down the street, was Zion Baptist Church, where well-todo colored folk came every Sunday to worship according to their tuneful and somewhat excitable wont; and in the basement rooms, a trifle below the level of the street, lived Jane Gift and her children, she the janitress of the church and general charwoman for the house-keepers of that locality.

Further down on the same side of the street was another chapel, the one mentioned before as that of a Welsh congregation. During the week it looked like nothing in the world but a big square box, for when its door and shutters were closed the surface was perfectly flat; but on Wednesday nights, when there was always prayer-meeting, and all day Sunday it was wide awake, with shining glass windows, and from within came the echoes of a queer language that amused the outsiders not less than did the songs of the worshippers at Zion Baptist Church further up the street.

Then came that fence that I told you of, running from the Welsh chapel to the brick house opposite; and if you opened the gate and went through, you found back of the Welsh chapel a large frame tenement house occupied by a few Irish families and a great many Welsh; hence the name, the Welsh Yard; and back of the brick house another big brick tenement occupied by Germans, with the vacant lot near

it called the Dutch Yard. Between the two, Welsh Yard and Dutch Yard, there was no visible separation; but the crooked path that ran down to Drain street from the gate in the fence was the well-known dividing line.

And now that I have given you some idea of the neighborhood, we may return to the children whom we left at play.

It was a fine May evening, balmy and warm; not quite dark, but dusky; and there was a great game of "I Spy" in progress. Boys and girls of every degree were in it, from little tots of six up to big ones of fifteen or sixteen; black, white, and brown; barefoot and shod; rich and poor; clean and—well, not dirty, but just as clean as children can be who have played hard since they were washed and dressed before supper. They were heart and soul in the game and everybody was playing fair, for they had crossed their hearts, before they began, not to cheat.

Wolfe's lamp-post, about midway of the block, was "Home," and Heavenly Gift, Jane Gift's young son, was "It." When he went prowling up the street, out of the side entrances and alleyways of the houses behind him came many a cautious head, watching for a chance to get Home free; and when he sneaked down

the street, up from basement areas and down from big trees and over low fences and from under slant cellar doors came others, racing for the goal; so that poor Hev—so his name was usually shortened by everyone except his doting mammy—was in danger of being It again, although Miss Marget Ann and Lucindy Elviry Jane, his sisters, were trying their best to save him from that fate by squealing frantically whenever any one appeared; at which, of course, he instantly ran for Home, but always arrived too late.

"Looks like you're It again, Hev," said a nice little girl who was sitting on the nearest doorstep. "Might as well hide your eyes."

"Ev' body in?" asked Hev, with a grin that showed all his white teeth and his shining eyes.

"Naw, th' ain't," protested Miss Marget Ann. "Dillie's out yet an' so's Tim an' Bert an' that other feller. E-e-e-e-e," she finished with a shrill squeal, and jumped up and down in her excitement, so that Heavenly turned just in time to touch the lamp-post as Tim Doolan and a lanky, red-haired, freckle-faced boy darted up out of somewhere, panting from their run.

"Who's that boy?" asked the little girl who had first spoken, turning to Miss Marget Ann

after surveying the lad with interest; but before the latter could reply Tim gasped out in a rich brogue:—

"On'y fer Tooralladdy, I'd never be kotched!"

The nice little girl laughed long and merrily at Tim's queer English; but Tim did not mind: he knew she was not making fun of him; and he and the new boy dropped down on the curbstone near her to rest.

"What a funny name!" she exclaimed at last, looking at the new boy, who was looking at her.

"Whose?" he questioned.

"Yours."

"No funnier'n yourn," he said pleasantly, "or his'n," he added, pointing to the girl's twin brother, who had just popped across the street in response to a sing-song cry of:

"Come in, come in, wherever you are!"

"No funnier'n Hev's or his sisters' or lots of others around here," the new boy continued.

"Oh, well, theirs are funny. Heavenly Gift—don't you see? His mother says that's what he is, a heavenly gift to her. And Miss Marget Ann was named for Jane's old mistress in the South, and that's what Jane always calls her. And Lucindy Elviry Jane is Jane's own name, but she says no one ever had time to call her by it, so she's bound somebody'll get it. But

yours is kind of—kind of foolish, isn't it?" said the little girl, trying to express herself without hurting the boy's feelings.

"Tillie an' Silly's foolish, too," he answered

cheerfully.

"Oh, but those aren't our right names. His is Dillie, not Tillie; and mine's C-I-L-I-E, not S-I-L-L-Y; and our long names are Dillingham and Cecilia, only nobody ever calls us that. But I never heard of anything like Tool—looral—what is it, anyway?"

"Well, just because folks calls me Tooralladdy

ain't no sign that's my right name, either."

"What is your right name, then, and where

do you live?"

"My name's Edward Tracy an' I live with the Doolans now. I'm goin' to take care of the pigs, so's Tim can go to school reg'lar. He don't know his joggerfy an' Father Bacon says it's a shame; an' I know mine, so I can spare the time; an' besides, I need the job, 'cause I ain't got no home nor nobody."

"And are you coming around for the slops

instead of Timmie?"

"Um-hm."

"And if I go down in the Welsh Yard will you take me to see the little piggies and hear 'em squeal?"

"You bet!" ejaculated the lanky boy; and thereby made himself a very staunch little friend.

"Ef it wasn't for Tooralladdy I wudn't never be kotched," again said Tim; and Cillie

laughed again.

"Well, dat's so!" he insisted. "Me an' him was back o' your stable an' I sez 'Let's shin over Wolfe's fence an' sneak out deir alleyway,' an' he sez 'All right'; but it was so dark in deir shed dat he got losted in de ash barrels, an' time we got to de front gate, Hev was comin' back."

"Um—hm," assented Tooralladdy, "we'd 'a' been in long ago if 't hadn't been fer me."

"Wal, ah seen Tim an' ah teched fer 'im,"

protested Heavenly.

"Oh, ahl roight, Hev, I'm It," said Tim; and he hid his eyes on his bended arm against the lamp-post and began to count one hundred by fives while the children scattered in every direction to hide again. When he had said five, ten, fifteen, and so on up to "wan hunderd," which he proclaimed in a loud voice, Tim cried:

"Ready or not, you must be cot!"

Which meant caught; and then he went in search of the others.

So the game went on while the dusk grew deeper; and when it was too dark for "I Spy," they played "Drop the Handkerchief" in a big ring that was stretched in the middle of the street almost from curb to curb; and, after that, "Here Goes a Blackbird Through the Window," and "Marching along to Old Quebec," and half a dozen others.

After some time a bell rang, and Dillie and Cillie, calling "good-night" to the rest of the children, ran home to the big house—for their father was Senator Darbison—as that was a summons they could hear, no matter where in the neighborhood they might be at play, and they always obeyed it. And gradually the group of children grew smaller and smaller, as one after another was called by father or mother, until at last there were left but a few of the bigger boys, who sat on a cellar door and talked about Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson and Tattered Tom and Ragged Dick and other book heroes who were then the fashion among boys.

Tim Doolan and Tooralladdy returned to the Welsh Yard, where Tim soon crawled into a trundle-bed with his two little brothers; and Tooralladdy, after washing his bare feet in the trough at the pump, sought the basement, and thought himself very well off in the bunk that Mrs. Doolan had made up for him in a sort of closet boarded off from the cellar where the pigs were kept, when they were not roaming

as scavengers through the yards.

Hardship? Inhumanity? Not a bit of it! It was the best Mrs. Doolan could do for him, for she was poor herself and had four children to support; and she had done it with a good heart, telling Father Bacon she was only sorry she could not give the poor boy better quarters. As for Tooralladdy, he had knocked about so long, sleeping in boxes and doorways, and eating what he could pick up or what he could earn by selling papers, that he thought himself mighty lucky when Father Bacon found a home for him and an assurance of regular meals in return for his care of the Doolans' pigs. Before he fell asleep he wondered, in a dreamy sort of way, whether Dillie and Cillie had more comfortable beds than his was, for it seemed to him the height of luxury; and if he could have seen the boy and girl chasing each other through the halls and up and down stairs in a final frolic before bedtime, he would probably have laughed again to hear Cillie cry, as Dillie gave her "last tag" on the upper landing, "On'y fer Tooralladdy I wudn't be kotched!"

CHAPTER II

TOORALLADDY MEETS SENATOR DARBISON

BREAKFAST was an early meal at Senator Darbison's house, and half past six, at the latest saw the family of four seated at the simple but plantiful report

ple but plentiful repast.

Dillie and Cillie could not have told you so in words, perhaps, but they fully appreciated how delightful was everything that appealed to their five senses at that hour of a bright May morning. The long windows of the diningroom opened on a porch that overlooked the garden at the side east of the house, and there they stood, exclaiming at the jewels on the grass as the slant sunbeams turned the dew into gems that rivaled any chronicled in the Arabian Nights. From their own small, stunted orchard, and from the scattered trees which struggled against the city smoke for existence in the back yards of their neighbors, there were twitterings and chirpings that indicated the presence of a few bold robins and saucy bluebirds; and the two yellow canaries in their

cages at the windows were swelling their throats in an ecstasy of song. To the children's untutored but appreciative sense of smell there was nothing incongruous between the mingled perfumes of sweet-scented shrub and syringa borne on the breeze and that appetizing odor of broiled ham, hot biscuits, and coffee that came to them from the breakfast table, to which they were soon summoned by the entrance of their father and mother. Good, healthy appetites they had, too, and an astonishing capacity for hot biscuits; but even that was eventually satisfied, and Cillie, who sat at her mother's right and opposite Dillie, who faced the window, was waiting for a favorable opportunity to raid the sugar bowl; a trick that was permitted her if she could accomplish it successfully, but which her mother made a feint of correcting.

With her eyes on her mother's face, who was ostensibly engaged in looking over the morning paper, and her fingers on two beautiful big lumps that would have been a feast for herself and her brother, Cillie was startled by hearing Dillie exclaim:

"There goes Tooralladdy!"

Cillie screwed about suddenly in her chair and the sugar dropped with a clatter among the spoons as Mrs. Darbison turned toward the window and gave Cillie's knuckles an admonitory rap; and the little girl laughed at her own defeated attempt, as she said:

"On'y fer Tooralladdy I wudn't be kotched

that time sure!"

"Now, Cillie," remonstrated Mrs. Darbison, "what kind of language is that?"

"That's what Tim said, mama-"

"And how often have I told you that you must not pick up what Tim says, or Lucindy, or Tomaso, or any other child who you know speaks incorrectly. John," she cried, turning to her husband, "if these children are determined to adopt all the slang and jargon they hear among their companions, something must be done. Either we must move away from this neighborhood, or I can not allow them to play outside of their own yard."

This threat evoked a wail from each of the children and an appealing glance at their father. They had heard it before, for it was a sort of periodical protest on the part of their mother, but it never failed of the desired effect. Often, in visiting some of their young friends in other parts of the city, they were made aware how restricted were other playgrounds in comparison with their own, and they always returned home with self-congratulations that

"our street" was so good a place for play. They were somewhat reassured, however, in spite of their mother's remark, when they saw their father give a nod of approval toward her, tempered by a half smiling frown; for he knew that the threat was only an admonitory switch she held over them, and that she really had no more serious objection than he had to their innocent games and plebeian friends; and that her watchful care had duly detected the few black sheep among the host of children who populated the street and had put those few under ban. But as he now gravely nodded his acquiescence to her threat Dillie and Cillie hastened to enter their objections.

"It was only a joke, mama," said the boy.

"It sounded so funny, you know, when Tim said it," interrupted Cillie; and she related the incident of the previous evening.

"And who is this new boy?" inquired their mother, "and why is he going through our

yard?"

"He's the Doolan's boy now, and he's come

after the pigs' feed," replied Dillie.

"And he's going to show me the pigs whenever I want to see them, and Father Bacon sent him there, and he knows his geography well and Tim doesn't, and Tim's going to school reg'lar," put in Cillie, in a fine jumble of information and ideas.

"All of which is very interesting and laudable and deplorable," quizzed her father, smiling at Cillie, "though we don't exactly know what it means; but if the boy is going to be one among this infant democracy, I think it would be just as well if I made his acquaintance at once. Come along, little girl, and we'll hear what the young gentleman has to say for himself. Come along, Dillie boy."

They left the table and went out through the open window, across the porch, down the side steps and along the garden walk toward the stable. Cillie, who never walked if she could run or skip or dance, put a little of each into her progress as she hung on her father's arm and chattered away about anything and everything; but she grew a little shy as they entered the wide stable door and saw the boy who had turned up last night filling two pails from the barrel that contained the refuse from the kitchen; for, after all, he was almost a strange boy, and it is not always easy to talk to strangers when one is not playing games with them.

"Goo' mornin'," said Tooralladdy, with a grin at the children and a soberer look that included their father; and he made toward his ragged hat a motion that was meant to be man-

nerly.

"Good morning, Tooralladdy," they all responded; at which he grinned again at all three.

"They tell me you are living at Mrs. Doolan's," said Senator Darbison.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Will you tell me all about it?" asked the senator, half sitting on the feed box, while Cillie leaned against his arm and Dillie straddled a sawbuck.

The steady gaze of three persons somewhat embarrassed the boy, but did not altogether abash him; he turned his excuse for a hat about in his hands while he repeated the story he had told Cillie the night before on the curbstone.

"And how did Father Bacon get hold of you?" asked the senator, when the tale was told.

"He picked me up long ago; I mean, las' spring, 'bout a month ago."

"Picked you up? Where?"

"In Parker's Barracks."

"Is that where your parents live?"

"I ain't got none; they're dead."

"Whom did you live with, then?"

"My Uncle Dan."

"You say your name is Tracy. Is Big Dan Tracy your uncle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hm! Well, he's not a very valuable asset," said Senator Darbison, half musingly.

"Sir?" queried the boy.

"I mean, he couldn't, or wouldn't, be of much good to you or to any boy."

"Oh, he was good enough to me. He never bate me like—like his wife done. That's why I runned away."

"Oh, you did!"

"Yes, sir. She bate me, an' then Uncle Dan bate her fer batin' me, an' then I runned away. An' then, when I'd get hungry, I useter black boots an' sell papers, but sometimes I didn't make enough ter keep me; an' when I got good an' hungry, I'd sneak up there an' Uncle Dan'd gi' me some cold victuals an' some carpet to sleep on in the cellar. She wuddn't leave me in the room."

"So that's where Father Bacon found you, was it?"

"Yes, sir. The night ol' Granny Grogan died he come up to see her an' he fell over me. I cuddn't help it, sir," he protested eagerly, "I never knowed he was comin', an' he thought

it was a dog an' giv me a shove wid his foot; an' when I jumped up he axed me what was I doin' in the cellar, an' I tol' him I was sleepin' there. An' then he caught me by the collar an' hauled me out to a gas-lamp an' looked at me. 'You come down to my school tomorrer,' he sez, lookin' like he had the toothache—he often looks that way when he don't want to scold yer—'an' I'll see what I kin do fer yer. An' if yer don't,' he sez, 'I'll come up here after yer wid a policeman.'

"Weren't you scared?" asked Cillie, to whom a policeman meant dreadful possibilities.

"Well, I hadn't been doin' nothin' to him nor to nobody; an' besides, I'd been to his school before, but he didn't remember me. So when he seed me in the mornin' he knowed me again an' he said he had a good notion to lam me fer not comin' to school; but I tol' him I had t' earn my livin' 'cause I cuddn't live at Uncle Dan's no more, 'count of his wife. He said he guessed that was purty tough, an' which would I rather do, black boots or go to school? I said I'd rather go to school if I cud make enough between whiles to pay fer my grub, an' I cud sleep next to Granny Grogan's in the cellar. Then he tuk me over to the bakery an' got me somethin' to eat an' tol' me to stay

in the school till he'd see what he cud do about it. That's the way I did fer about a week, sellin' papers mornin's an' evenin's an' sleepin' in the schoolhouse—he wuddn't leave me sleep in the cellars; an' then he tuk me down to Mrs. Doolan's an' I've been stayin' there an' takin' care of the pigs an' goin' after the slop fer them twic't a day, an' doin' odd jobs around while the boys is studyin' their lessons."

"How long have have you been there now

and how do you like the arrangement?"

"I been there more'n a week an' I like it first rate. I got a good bed an' enough ter eat, an' the pigs ain't much trouble. Most mornin's I get to school before ten o'clock, so I don't miss much but joggerfy an' spellin' an' I study them nights. Tim shows me the lessons an' Father Bacon hears 'em at recess."

"How old are you, my boy?"

"I'm near fourteen."

"H-m-m—you don't look it."

"Father Bacon says I'm stunted in my growt 'cause I've been knockin' 'round rough, but I'll grow all right if I stay in a good home like I've got now."

"I hope you will, my boy. And I hope you understand, too, what it means to a poor woman like Mrs. Doolan to take another boy

into her crowded rooms and undertake to feed him and look after him."

"Yes, sir, I do. I think I kin pay fer my keep in work, an' make enough on the street to buy me some clothes. I don't need much, you see;" and the garments he exhibited were so few and so threadbare, even ragged in places, that a person wondered whether they had ever been decent and new enough to have been bought and sold.

"Well, you're a plucky little chap, Tooralladdy; and if Father Bacon takes an interest in you and you will be guided by him, you can make something of yourself, if you care to."

"I'm goin' to drive hack fer Gorman as soon as I git big enough. He's promised me the job."

"Good for you, Tooralladdy! I see in you a coming business man! Some fine day, I suppose, you'll be buying out Tom Gorman or setting up an express and hack business of your own."

The boy's mouth expanded into one of the broad grins that made his wizened little face forget its accustomed mask of care and misery, but he made no other answer.

Senator Darbison rose to leave the stable and Tooralladdy turned back to the task on which he had been engaged when his three interviewers entered. Cillie and Dillie were very quiet; probably they had never before come face to face with real, distressful poverty, but had classed it as something that one reads about; legendary, like the fairy tales they reveled in and often made believe to enact in their own daily lives.

"I'll come Saturday when you won't be at school, Tooralladdy, to see the dear little piggies," said Cillie, pausing on the threshold of the carriage door.

"Dear little piggies," mocked Dillie, climbing down from the sawbuck. "Why will you be so silly, Cillie! The pigs are not dear or little. You know they're big and grunty and smelly."

"Oh, but the little ones are dear!" Cillie insisted; "and they squeal just as cute!"

"By the way, my boy," said the senator, turning back, "where did you get that ridiculous name, Tooralladdy, and what does it mean?"

"Oh, that's a song my granny taught me," he answered with rather a sheepish laugh. "I useter sing it when I was a little feller, an' dad an' Uncle Dan began to call me by it, an' now most every one does."

Tooralladdy had filled his pails and now

trudged cheerfully through the garden and down the street, the children accompanying him to the iron fence and stopping there for a swing on the heavy, creaking gate; while their father returned to the dining-room, where he found his wife filling the seed cups and bathtubs of the canaries' cages.

CHAPTER III

THE SWIMMING SIGNAL

Senator Darbison remarked to his wife on entering the dining-room, "and from what he tells me I fancy he has made a friend of Father Bacon. That is a recommendation in itself; but if he is to be another playfellow for Cillie and Dillie, perhaps you would better ask Father Bacon just what he knows about him. The only thing I find against him, from his own report, is that he says Big Dan Tracy is his uncle."

"If that's so, he comes from bad stock. However, he doesn't look like a vicious boy—I watched him as he passed with his pails, so we won't condemn him unheard. I'll ask Father Bacon about him this afternoon at the Altar Society. Have you noticed," Mrs. Darbison continued after a pause, "the crowd of boys that congregate after dark on and around Gallio's cellar door at the corner?"

"I've seen them there, but I haven't noticed them particularly. Why?" "I'm afraid they're getting into mischief. That new helper at Gallio's who recently came from Italy sits around there with them when he is not needed in the confectionery; and a man of his age—even though he can not be very old, judging by his appearance—is not a good companion for boys."

"Well, I don't like his looks, for a certainty; and it seems to me that old Gallio told me once, when I was in there buying cigars, that he had to leave Italy in a hurry; to escape the law I believe."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Darbison with a woman's prompt conviction. "As sure as fate, he'll lead those boys into mischief if he is allowed to associate with them."

She looked at her husband with an air that seemed to condemn him as a party to mischief, and he laughed at her earnestness.

"Well what do you expect me to do?" he asked. "Am I to regulate my neighborhood as well as carry my ward and legislate for my district? Let Lawrence look out for his boys; two of them belong to that crowd. And Miss Grant might bring home her rattan from school and chastise that nephew of hers, who is growing up an unlicked cub for want of a man's hand at his helm. If Dillie showed any pro-

pensity to join them I might take a hand; but, thank fortune! he's too little, yet, to want to be a corner loafer!"

"He never will want to!" protested Dillie's mother indignantly. "I hope his home training and his inherited tastes secure him from any such propensity as that. Oh, I know you were only teasing; but I don't like to hear you say those things, even in jest. Still, you might and could do something about those others."

"Shall I order them to disperse? Or shall I command Gallio to dismiss his recent importation? Or shall I introduce a bill against loafing on cellar doors?"

"Don't be flippant, John; just think about it and do something, and that before very long," begged Mrs. Darbison, "or harm will be done and it will be too late to act."

"I wonder why Gallio keeps that fellow—that new man, I mean," pursued the senator. "He is continually quarreling with Luigi and Tomaso, and he certainly is not efficient in the store; doesn't know one brand of cigars from another and can not read—not English, at any rate."

"People are saying that he has some claim on the old man; some claim of blood relationship—a nephew or cousin or something. That's what——" "What Mrs. Thompson says?" he asked

quizzingly, as his wife paused.
"Well, yes," she acknowledged. "You know I don't indulge in neighborhood gossip, but it's impossible to stop that woman when she's fairly and fully launched. She says-"

"And her back door gives her a convenient vantage ground for observation in this case,"

interrupted the senator.

"She says that Cesare has an utterly brutal disposition which he vents in tyrannizing over Tomaso; and when Luigi interferes in his brother's behalf, as is only natural, Cesare rages at him—in fact at them both—until Mrs. Thompson says she is sure he is half-crazy. Why the old man doesn't put a stop to it I can not imagine, for on the whole he is good to his family, though not nearly as good or nice as Mrs. Gallio is. I really think there must be some truth in the story of relationship. Cesare doesn't look unlike him, either."

"Well, I don't like his looks, whoever he does or does not look like."

"Neither do I, John. I have warned the children, when they go into the store now for candy or fruit, not to tarry as they used to do unless Mrs. Gallio or one of the older girls is there. Indeed, they don't seem at all inclined to do so, and they say they are afraid of Cesare, although he has never done or said anything rough to them. It is their instinctive dislike that warns me against him, I believe."

"'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,'"
quoted the senator; and though he pretended
to laugh indulgently at his wife's argument,
he was half inclined to put some faith in the
children's dislike and her acceptance of it.

While their parents discussed the newcomers in the neighborhood—Tooralladdy, of recent arrival, and Cesare, who had been for the past several months a member of the Italian family which conducted the little fruit shop and confectionery at the corner of the street—Dillie and Cillie, swinging on the front gate, talked over matters of greater interest to the juvenile democracy with one after another of their young friends who happened to pass or pause on their way to school or in pursuance of some household errand.

First came those who attended the parish school, better known as Father Bacon's school. They were due at Mass at eight o'clock, and therefore made the earliest schoolward move each day. Shortly after them came those girls and those very small boys who attended the Academy; the little fellows entirely too infan-

tile for even the "baby room" of either the public or the parochial school, and charitably taken in by the Sisters, as the mother of one of them gratefully remarked, "to keep them out of the gutters."

Finally there appeared on doorsteps and in front yards, or even at desultory games in the street, the public school children, who lingered about their homes or dallied along the way until they saw Miss Grant setting forth; and when she had turned the corner and was out of sight the children followed by ones and twos and threes until the street was almost deserted.

It was one of the morning pleasures for the enjoyment of which Cillie and Dillie daily swung on that creaking gate to see Miss Grant set forth from her prim little house, primly set in its prim little garden, herself as prim, in a pretty sort of way, as was her home. She was plump and fresh and rosy in spite of her fifty years, more than thirty of which had been spent in school-rooms; and the thick brown curls that fell on her shoulders in the fashion that had outlasted her girlhood were still untouched by the frost of age. But she had acquired a decidedly dictatorial air and manner that stamped her indelibly as an iron ruler of would-be unruly boys; and her heavy

tread, without elasticity, bespoke determination and irrevocable decision. At the prim little gate of her prim little garden she parted from her prim little old maiden aunt, with whom she lived, and who was in appearance just another Miss Grant with twenty-odd years added to her age—a Miss Grant with faded cheeks and white curls.

In answer to the children's "Good morning, Miss Grant," the little school-teacher returned a courteous greeting, as cordial as her primness would permit her to be in her intercourse with anything juvenile. She rather liked the Darbison children, who liked her, and were therefore always at their best with her, as children will naturally be when with those they love and admire. They used to fancy, and sometimes say to their mother, that it would be rather jolly to live in that cute little house with those cute little old ladies; but although she never sought to destroy their illusion, their mother could not but wonder whether the rigid rules of that elderly household were not warping the nature of the only young person in it, and driving him for companionship among associates who might prove a detriment to him in the future.

When the younger Miss Grant had disap-

peared and the elder had re-entered her front door and closed it behind her, the side door of the house opened and gave exit to a tall, lanky boy of sixteen, nephew of the younger lady and grandnephew of the elder—the only boy, her neighbors said, whom Miss Grant could not control, and the one for whom Senator Darbison in conversation with his wife, had advised the application of her rattan.

Harvey Grant crossed the street diagonally and entered the open door of Gorman's stable, from which he issued in a moment or two with a boy of about his own age, who carried a stable broom and dragged after him a length of hose. It was evident that he had been interrupted in his morning's work of washing the hacks and wagons which Gorman had for hire. The two boys stood talking for a short while and then Grant crossed the street again to a house adjoining his own and whistled a signal to someone within. The first signal was not answered, but at the second the tousled head of a boy appeared at an attic window.

"Oh," cried Cillie, who had been watching the movements of the boys, because for some time, there had been no children of their own age passing by or stopping to engage their attention; "Oh! Bert's just out

of bed. He'll be good and late for school!"

"Much he cares!" responded Dillie. "Now watch! I knew that's what was up," he declared, as Harvey displayed an expressive pantomime; that is, held up his left hand, the first and second fingers erect, the two other and the thumb doubled across the palm. Then they heard the boy at the window say:

"When?"

"'S evening," answered Grant.

"It's too cold," whined the other.

"Oh, don't be a sissy!"

"Who's going?"

"Bill and I and anybody else that wants to," said Grant; and Bill nodded emphatically from the stable door.

"Well, I'll think about it," said the boy in the attic; and he shut the window and went away while Harvey and Bill returned to the stable.

"Well, Dillie, I hope you'll never be doing that," exclaimed Cillie with an air of disgust. "Before I'd go swimming in a dirty sewer—"

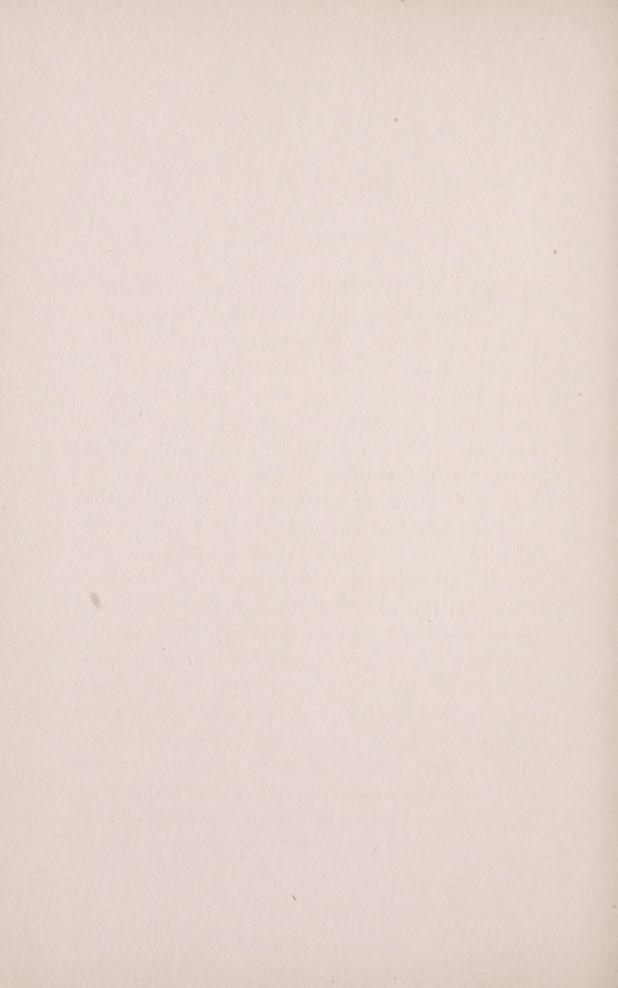
"Tisn't the sewer! I've told you that before."

"Well, it's so near the sewer that it might as well be in it. You saw, yourself, how greasy and black and nasty the water looked all round there the day papa took us down to the Water Works. But that's just like boys. They like to go there because they have to sneak away to do it. If their mothers and fathers would let them go, they wouldn't want to."

Cillie was evidently quoting some one else, and Dillie made no answer, as he was quite willing to drop the subject. To tell the truth, he did secretly look forward to the time when the swimming signal, two fingers held up, should be made to him by some of the larger boys; for it was the accepted custom of the street for the big boys to allow or disallow, as the humor took them, their smaller companions the privilege of the swimming-hole, which was situated at a point just above the junction of the trunk sewer with the river. Dillie himself did not altogether relish the proximity of the sewer; but he imagined that the delight of going swimming might compensate him for that discomfort. Besides, his father had learned to swim there, and why should not he? Just at present, however, he was interested in watching Harvey Grant and learning what other boys he was enticing to the evening's frolic; but as Harvey went back to the stable and remained there Dillie's source of information was cut off.

When all the school children had passed

and the street was quiet and deserted for the morning, except for little toddlers too young for any class-room, Cillie and Dillie went indoors and began their own school work, which was carried on from nine o'clock until noon every day under their mother's supervision. Sometimes the twins thought they would like to go to a real school; but as Dillie could not go to the convent, nor Cillie to the college, they concluded that mama's school was the best and nicest, after all; especially as it was as much as possible like a real school, with desks, maps, a blackboard, globes, half-hour bells, good notes, bad notes, averages and all the things that the children who went to real schools talked about or "played" in their hours of leisure.



CHAPTER IV

THE DROWNING

PLAY-TIME followed immediately after school-time in the juvenile democracy that I am telling you about; but usually, in the late afternoon, between school-time and suppertime, the girls played what the boys contemptuously termed "Mothers"; a game that called for much visiting back and forth from vestibule to areaway, from front porch to basement steps, or wherever the young house-keepers set up their airy and furnitureless abodes; and it included dolls of various kinds, sizes, and degrees, and bits of silk, woolen, cotton or linen stuff which were fashioned into garments wherewith the dolls were clothed.

While the girls were engaged in their own pursuits, the boys played marbles, or spun tops, or flew kites, or walked on stilts, or played hopscotch, leapfrog, nigger-baby, duck-on-arock, or any one of a score of merry games with which resourceful boys fill in their frolic-some hours. Some of the girls, and especially

Cillie Darbison and Miss Marget Ann Gift, liked these better than girl's games and often forsook the "mothers" to join in the boy's sports; and let me tell you that the boys accorded that privilege as a great honor to the girls, not many of whom were considered worth while to bother with when it came to real hard play. It was not necessary, either, for Dillie and Heavenly to champion their respective sisters, as the girls were expert at every game I have mentioned except leapfrog, which they were forbidden to play; but I have seen them so agile in "skinning over" a fence, so deft in rolling a barrel under their feet, so sure-footed on stilts, so level-headed in walking a rail, that I am sure they would have been equally skilful at leapfrog. Indeed, Dillie and Heavenly said they were; and surely brothers ought to know. Lucy Lawrence used sometimes to say that she would not for the world be such a boy-girl or tomboy as Cillie Darbison; of course what Miss Marget Ann did didn't count, for after all, she was only a little colored child and couldn't be expected to know how to behave; she (Lucy) would not for the world play such rough games! And then Lucindy Elviry Jane, who was a girl-girl of the most pronounced type and squealed at the sight of a caterpillar or a worm, made shiny eyes at the boy-girls and said, "Sho 'nuff, Lucy;" but the boy-girls only laughed and retorted that boys' games were much more fun than girls' and they'd trade their one-cent dolls and doll-clothes for marbles or tops or jacks any time; but not their big dolls, because they were so pretty and they had had them so long. Cillie's was a beauty, with wax head and hands and real curly hair; and though Miss Marget Ann's was only composition, with hair or lamb's wool, it was as well cared for and as dearly loved as was Cillie's, the doll aristocrat of the street.

It was from such chat as this that Cillie was summoned to her supper on the evening of the day when Tooralladdy made the acquaintance of Senator Darbison; and she was discussing with her father, at the table the different kinds of girls she knew, and wondering why it was that some girls were so girlly and so squeally and so 'fraidy, when there came in at the open window, from the street, the sound of Lucindy Elviry Jane's shrill voice in a high-pitched song that quavered upward in many repetitions of just two lines of doggerel:

"When I git drunk, I git drunk on my own, If nobody don't like it, they kin let it alone."

Each time she repeated the lines the child laughed mockingly; and as the song grew fainter and fainter, it was evident that she was retreating either up or down the street.

"That's a performance that ought to be stopped," said Mrs. Darbison. "I wonder that Jane permits one of her children to carry on so."

"Hev says his mother does lam her for it every time she catches Lucindy at it," put in Dillie, "but she does it just the same the very next time she sees old man Giffen coming home drunk."

"Cesare gave her a stick of peppermint candy for it one day and said he'd give her another every time she did it, 'cause she made him think of the crazy people in his own country," said Cillie.

"Cesare again!" said Mrs. Darbison significantly to her husband.

"Cesare isn't the only one to blame in this instance," he answered, looking through the dining-room window and diagonally across the lawn to the opposite side of the street. "From here I can see two women and three men, as well as a number of children, watching

Elviry's antics and laughing at them. The child really dances like an imp, or as if she were possessed."

Cillie turned in her chair to catch a glimpse of the drunkard's tormentor and saw the little colored girl leaping and whirling and flaunting her skirts in front of the man, Giffen, but just out of his reach.

Giffen—"Mr. Giffen," when he was sober, and "old man Giffen" when he was drunk—was not at all an old man, but one in the prime of life, about forty-five years of age. He lived in the Welsh Yard, and was, for perhaps twentyfive days in the month, a sober, industrious and inoffensive man; but the other five days found him besotted with liquor, and then his miserable wife and several children felt the weight of his hand and the force of his foot; and, for this few days' indulgence, they felt always the pinch of poverty. Ordinarily, Giffen slouched along as the generality of laboring men do; but, singularly enough, when he was drunk he was unusually upright in his walk and paced slowly along with his head erect and his hands thrust as deep as he could get them into his trousers pockets. His neighbors used jokingly to say that it was with his hands that he held himself erect and avoided the staggering gait of the drunken man; and perhaps that was true, for now he made a futile snatch at Lucindy Elviry Jane and lunged perilously near to a fall, so that Cillie drew her breath sharply, expecting to see him prone on his face. The impish child ducked under his arm, finishing her tantalizing couplet with a derisive laugh in which the spectators joined, and old man Giffen with difficulty regained his equilibrium and thrust his hands again into his pockets, stalking slowly and majestically down the street with head thrown back and seemingly quite oblivious of the onlookers.

"There is Cesare now," said Senator Darbison; "he is egging the child on. Positively, this is outrageous! Somebody ought to thrash him!" And he rose hastily from his chair and went out on the side porch.

"And there's Tooralladdy," supplemented Cillie.

The little knot of people surrounding old man Giffen had by this time gone out of earshot of the Darbisons; but the latter now saw Dave Giffen, a lad of about fifteen, approach Cesare and speak to him warmly and insistently, at which the Italian laughed and jeered—they could hear that cruel, loud laugh—and made some reply accompanied by an imita-

tion of old man Giffen's stately walk. Dave spoke again, and the several grown persons who had been witnesses to the whole pitiful performance sobered at once and seemed to realize, suddenly, that there was another and a sorrowful side to it. Cesare lost his temper and broke out into exclamations in his native tongue, threatening Dave with uplifted hand while the boy persistently stood in his path and prevented the Italian from following his father. Cesare finally turned and retraced his steps to the store whence he had come, talking violently as he went and turning to shake a threatening fist at Dave. Meanwhile, Tooralladdy had scattered the children right and left, and seizing Lucindy Elviry Jane by the arm, stopped her wild gyrations. The girl objected and tried to jerk herself free; but, supple as she was, her strength was no match for his, and she was about to resort to catlike tactics, scratching and clawing, which would doubtless have earned for her a sound cuffing from Tooralladdy's free hand, when higher authority stepped in.

"Yo' Lucindy Elviry Jane! Come yah, yo' limb o' Satan! Ah'll dance ye! Yo' Heavenly Gif'! Fotch that chile yah, till ah lam huh good! Ain't I done tol' yo' oveh an' oveh, yo'

low down traish, to min' yo' own bisnus an' let that white man alone? Oh, yo' kin dance fo' me——''

And so on, in a pauseless strain, Jane Gift's voice was heard, while Heavenly dashed from some unseen quarter into the fray and dragged the unwilling and now loudly weeping culprit out of Tooralladdy's grasp and toward their greatly incensed parent, who awaited them in the doorway of her basement rooms. Shortly afterward, loud shrieks and wails and sobs proclaimed that to the freakish and disobedient Lucindy Elviry Jane the broad maternal hand was meting out the just punishment of her misdemeanor and that Jane was living up to her standard of raising her children "decent an' perlite."

Such a frequent occurrence as old man Giffen's drunken home-coming was not of sufficient moment to make much of a ripple in the current of children's lives, and within an hour after supper-time it was almost forgotten. In the twilight, the girls walked up and down the pavement with their arms about one another's waists, or sat on doorsteps and compared "charm strings" of buttons, which were the collection fad of that day; buttons of every description, but no two alike, strung on light cords and ex-

hibited, as one's collection grew, for the envy and admiration of one's companions.

The boys were busy with their own games as long as daylight lingered; but when it grew too dark for marbles and hoops they gravitated toward Wolfe's lamp-post, which stood about midway of the square, and sat on the curbstone or lolled against the iron fence until somebody suggested "There Goes a Blackbird through the Window;" and then, in a twinkling, there was a ring of boys and girls in the centre of the street that stretched from curb to curb, and their fresh young voices rose in the song of the game until even some of the grown-ups were following the air and the words.

"Where's that new boy?" inquired Lucy Lawrence after a short time.

"You mean Tooralladdy?" asked Cillie. "I haven't seen him this evening."

"Ah, ain't seen Tim Doolan, neitheh," said Miss Marget Ann. "Reckon the pigs is troublesome an' they can't git away."

The games lagged somewhat. Lucindy Elviry Jane was "kep' in" as a punishment for "pokin' fun at ol' man Giffen," Miss Marget Ann said, and that put a damper on the joyousness of her sister and brother; for the three were very loyal to one another. Tim Doolan

and several other boys were missing, and Tooralladdy, the new boy, who had entered into the children's sports so heartily on the previous evening that he seemed an old friend, was looked for and asked for in vain.

Some time after eight o'clock Tim Doolan was sighted with a huge basket on his arm; and, being hailed, reported that he had been carrying some fine washing to a lady for whom his mother worked; but he announced that as soon as he had put the basket away he would come back and have some fun.

"And bring Tooralladdy," several children cried.

"Ain't he here?" inquired Tim, scanning the group. Then a slow and comprehensive smile spread over his freckled face and up into his tousled hair as he said:

"I bet I know where he is."

"Where?"

"Gone swimmin'. They ain't a single feller up on Gallio's cellar door an' nobody but Luigi in the store. Tooralladdy an' Dave Giffen went off right after supper an' I seen 'em talkin' to Bill Gorman at the stable door, but I ain't seen any of the fellers since."

"That's so," said Dillie, "they did go swimming this evening; I saw Harvey Grant making the sign to Bert Little this morning, and then I saw Tomaso and Harvey and Bill and Bert going up street together after supper. Say! Here comes Tooralladdy now."

And here, indeed, came a woebegone and distressed Tooralladdy, very different from the light-hearted boy they had played with last He was barefooted and carried his jacket in his hand; and the gas-light shone on his plastered hair, wet from his river bath. He was panting, too, as though he had been running fast and hard, and the river was six or eight blocks distant. He came from the alleyway belonging to Wolfe's house, by which the children knew that he had come across "the lot" (as they called the vacant square just south of their street) and over fences and through back yards, thus avoiding both Gallio's corner at one end of the street and the Welsh Yard at the other.

The children saw at once that something out of the ordinary had happened, and stopped short in their game, but Tooralladdy passed them by without notice and went on to the Darbison house, where the senator and his wife were sitting on the long balcony outside of the library windows, and paused there, panting, and looking up at them without speaking.

"Well?" said Senator Darbison, leaning forward on the balcony rail. Then the boy drew a long sobbing breath and said, almost inaudibly:

"He—he's drownded."

"Drowned! Who?"

The man and woman were instantly on their feet, questioning the boy eagerly, and the children in the street drew near, instinctively feeling the touch of horror in the air.

"Who is drowned?" asked Senator Darbison again; and Tooralladdy, terrified bearer of sad tidings, gasped:

"Dave; Dave Giffen."

Some of the children instantly scurried away to carry the story to their homes, and marvellously soon, it seemed to Tooralladdy, he was the center of a group that plied him with questions; but he paid little heed to any but Senator Darbison, to whom he related the whole story, while the rest listened and exchanged comments among themselves.

Tooralladdy told the story in detail; how the twelve or fifteen boys, including Cesare, had gone down to the swimming-hole and, for a time, had amused themselves diving off the barges, moored inshore, and swimming out to the dredge boat some distance out in the stream;

how they had "dared" one another to all sorts of feats and performed even the more daring, protected by that Providence that watches over the foolhardy; how finally Dave, a clever and fearless swimmer, and Cesare, not less expert, had struck out for a coal barge lying some distance away; and how Cesare had reached the barge, swum around it, and then clambered on top, calling for help, not for himself, but for Dave who, he said, had been drawn under the barge. Dave had disappeared, and one of the others, diving time and again where Cesare said he had gone down had failed to find him; and at last they had given up the search and were coming home, bringing Dave's clothes with them; but he, Tooralladdy, had run ahead to tell Mr. Darbison—and there he stopped.

"Tell me what?"

"Nothing; that's all," said the boy, hesitatingly and looking pathetically at the crowd of people who had listened to his recital.

"But why did you want to tell me?"

"I—I—I thought maybe you'd tell his mother."

Alas! the poor lad's bereaved mother had already heard the terrible news and now came weeping into the street from her squalid rooms

to learn from her boy's companions the meager details they were able to give her of his drowning. They came in a group, awed and silent all but Cesare, who was voluble enough for all, and in his broken English repeated again and again his story of the calamity.

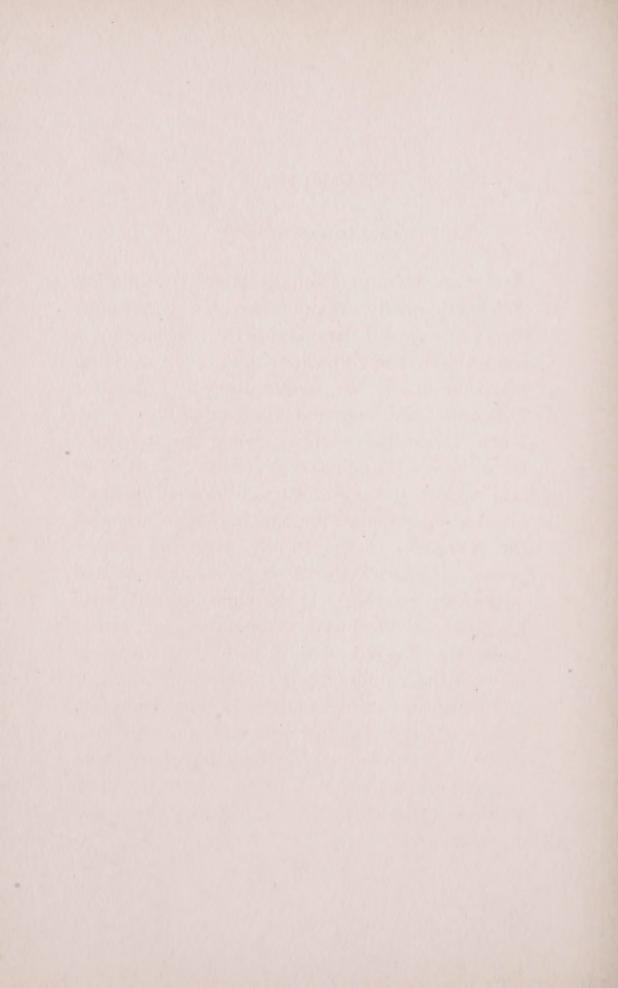
Sorrow and tragedy took the place of children's games and the peace of a quiet neighborhood; and even the reprehensible Giffen, sobered by sorrow, came in for a share of sympathy. Dave was a good boy and his mother's mainstay; and she never saw him again, even in death, for his body was never recovered. His untimely death weighed upon all who knew him, but on none it seemed, more than on Tooralladdy.

"I like that boy, Tooralladdy," said Senator Darbison, later, when the excitement had calmed down, the street was silent, and he and his wife stood on their balcony alone. "I like his thought for poor Mrs. Giffen and his wish that some one should break the news to her."

"Yes; the others seemed frightened, but he was grieved as well. And what's more," added Mrs. Darbison, sagely, "he knows more than he told."

"What do you mean?" the man asked turning to her quickly.

- "Didn't you notice his hesitation in finishing the story and how lamely it went in comparison with the rest?"
- "But I attributed that to the boy's fear and horror."
 - "Fear and horror of what?"
 - "Of the drowning, of course. What else?"
- "Partly, yes; but not altogether. Just you wait and see, John; you'll hear more of this," she replied; and more than that she would not say.



CHAPTER V

CILLIE'S CURIOSITY

T was Monday evening when Tooralladdy made his first appearance among the children who enjoyed the delights of living in a nothoroughfare neighborhood; Tuesday morning when he made the acquaintance of Senator Darbison and engaged that gentleman's interest; Tuesday evening when he returned from the season's first swimming frolic to carry bad news into the quiet neighborhood, so that, on Wednesday morning, his acquaintance with the members of the family extended over a period of scarcely thirty-six hours and counted only three meetings. Yet, when he came with his pails on Wednesday morning and passed down the flagged walk toward the stable, it was not the aroma of coffee and the faint tinkle of spoons and knives and forks that made him glance shyly into the pleasant dining-room. It was an undefined feeling that here were sympathetic hearts, and, in the case of the man, at least, a shrewd judge and a sturdy champion if need arose.

As the boy almost paused in passing, Senator Darbison, who was looking out at him, noted the wistful expression on his face and with a man's blundering though well-intentioned kindness called out:

"Good morning, Tooralladdy! Have you had your breakfast?"

The boy's face flushed, and with a brief "Yes, sir; thank you," he was about to hasten on down the walk; but Mrs. Darbison rose and went out on the porch.

"Good morning, Edward," she said. "Will you come up to the pantry door as you come from the stable? I'd like to talk to you about poor Dave, and I shall be in the pantry for some time after breakfast."

Tooralladdy looked sharply at her before answering, but at last he said:

"Yes, ma'am, I'll come."

"Did I put my foot in it as usual, my dear?" inquired her husband as she returned to the table. "I thought the boy looked in rather hungrily."

"He did, but he was hungry for sympathy and companionship, not for food. Probably he spent a restless and sleepless night. Indeed, I should not be surprised if he cried, as any child might, under the circumstances, even though he has known hardship and sorrow all his life long and but little else."

"No doubt. I felt that, too—"

"I know you did," interrupted Mrs. Darbison.

"But you know the proverbial road to a man's heart; and a boy's is not so very different."

"I wonder," mused Dillie, "whether he

slept last night with the pigs."

"He doesn't sleep with the pigs!" protested Cillie, indignantly. "His room—his bed, I mean—is quite separate from them; there's a door between—"

"A gate," Dillie corrected.

"No, a door. Jessie Wolfe said that Tim and Tooralladdy had made a wall out of the fence that used to be there, and there's only a few cracks left in it, so's Tooralladdy can see the pigs at night if he wants to."

"What for would he want to?" asked the matter-of-fact Dillie; but Cillie ignored this question and calmly pursued the current of the

previous conversation.

"Besides, he didn't sleep there last night; he slept up-stairs with Tim, 'cause Mrs. Doolan was over at Mrs. Giffen's room and she wanted Tooralladdy to stay with Tim and the children." "Well, how on earth do you know that?" queried her brother, looking at his enterprising sister in the admiring way in which his more conservative disposition paid tribute to her leadership.

"It's not yet half past six, but you seem to have been improving the shining hour with a vengeance in the way of news-gathering," said Cillie's father, glancing from her to the clock.

The little girl looked at her mother apprehensively and saw on her face, too, a look of expectancy; so she replied with rather a shamefaced air:

"Maria told me when I went to the kitchen for my milk."

"I wondered why you were so thirsty for your milk this morning," said Mrs. Darbison, significantly. "It seems you were thirsty for gossip, as well as for milk."

Cillie made no reply. She was so often reproved for undue inquisitiveness that she felt a rebuke even when it was not put into words.

Breakfast over, Dillie started for the big iron gate to spend the usual hour or so in chat with the children passing by; but Cillie lingered on the porch and finally said, as her mother was filling the canaries' seed cups:

"Can I do anything for you in the pantry,

mama? Measure sugar or flour or anything?"

"Thank you, Cillie; I haven't more than usual to do today, so I shall not need you; and, besides, I prefer to talk to Tooralladdy alone."

"You poor little sinner!" exclaimed her father, sympathetically, "when will you learn to keep that inquiring mind of yours within the bounds of legitimate curiosity?"

Cillie went and snuggled close up to him, sure of his commiseration, if not of his abetting.

"Hadn't you better go and square things with mama?" he whispered in her ear; for he saw that the birds were receiving an unusual amount of attention and guessed the reason why; that Cillie was being offered a chance to make amends.

"What's the use?" urged the little girl. "I'm always doing it again and mama gets so disgusted with me."

"'Not seven times, but seventy times seven times,' "he quoted; and Cillie knew what that meant.

"I'm sorry, mama," she said, at last. "I don't want to be a gossip, but I want to know things so hard that I just can't help asking questions and listening sometimes."

"Then, how am I to know you're really sorry?"

"I don't know," answered the small culprit. The position was beyond the logic of her mind.

"We'll just have to believe her when she says she's sorry, mama, and keep on believing her until she forgets again or reforms," said her father.

Cillie looked from one to the other, her hands clutched together behind her back and a woeful expression on her round face.

"Cillie! Cillie! Why don't you come out?"

called Dillie, from his perch on the gate.

"May I go, mama?" she asked, knowing that consent meant forgiveness and refusal was

by way of punishment.

"Yes, you may go," was the sentence, delivered with a smile; and Cillie flew at her mother and gave her a big bear hug before she dashed down the porch steps and out to the gate. So she heard nothing of what Tooralladdy may have said when he went to the pantry; and though the sad happening of the previous evening was, of course, the principal subject of conversation among the children, Cillie was neither as inquisitive nor as communicative concerning it as was her wont to be on neighborhood matters.

CHAPTER VI

CESARE SHOWS HIS TEETH

THE gloom of Dave Giffen's sad and sudden taking off put a damper on the children's play for several evenings following, and there was more quiet on the gay little street for the rest of that week than there had been for months. The girls told one another ghost stories, and Miss Marget Ann was a prime favorite, as she could relate with blood-curdling voice and round, awful eyes, tales of "harnts" and "jack-o-me-lantruns" that her old mother, with the superstition of her race, had brought from the South.

On Gallio's cellar door the larger boys gathered every evening; and whenever Cesare came out from the store to join them, the talk there naturally reverted to the one topic that engrossed the neighborhood. The Italian went over the incidents of the drowning again and again, and as his story lengthened in repetition it grew also in detail of the efforts he had made to rescue Dave before he himself climbed

up on the sand barge and shouted to the rest of the boys to come to his aid.

Tooralladdy did not appear among the children on Wednesday evening nor on Thursday evening, and Tim, when questioned, could not say where he was; but, strangely enough, on Thursday evening Luigi Gallio found him apparently skulking in the narrow side passage that gave access to the confectionery from the quiet, no-thoroughfare street.

"What are you doing here?" the young man

demanded, not unkindly.

"I was just listening to Cesare," answered Tooralladdy.

"And why don't you go out there with the other fellows instead of hanging around in here?"

"I—I just only wanted to listen," said Tooralladdy again; "I didn't want him to see me."

Luigi looked at him sharply for a minute and then said:

"Well, don't hang around here too long. And don't join Cesare's gang, either," he added as he turned away.

"No, sir," responded the boy, very heartily.

By Saturday the natural rebound of the youthful democracy to their wonted joyousness and the old accustomed routine of the day held sway. Cillie, mindful of her agreement with Tooralladdy, asked and obtained her mother's permission to go and see Mrs. Doolan's "dear little piggies;" but when she urged Dillie to accompany her, he sniffed contemptuously, or as though his sense of smell were as reminiscent of former visits as he desired, and refused; and he said some things about the "dear little piggies" that were far from complimentary; so Cillie went off by herself.

The fence that shut off the Welsh Yard ran diagonally across the end of the street, and the gate usually stood open; for the Welsh Yard was common property and was used as a short cut to Drain street and so to the eastern end of the town. The place was not inviting. The uneven ground, hard-trodden in dry weather, was a snare for unwary feet on account of its rough, lumpy surface; and when it rained there were puddles so many, in spite of the downward slope of the yard, that the place was like a marsh.

As Cillie paused a moment at the gate, on this particular morning, she saw it in its dry aspect; a well-baked stretch of ground, littered here and there with ash barrels, slop cans, a washing outfit, several pieces of discarded and broken furniture, and other indescribable débris. The Welsh Chapel was the nearest building to her on the left; a painfully plain wooden structure with a wide, barnlike, double door in the center and great square windows at either side. Beyond this was the tenement house that gave the place its name; a regular barrack, all open windows and doors and with a general air of publicity and unloveliness. Cillie wondered for a brief instant how people could live in so ugly a place, and mentally contrasted it with the green lawn at home; but just at that moment her attention was attracted by an altercation going on at the far end of the yard, where a row of sheds, each with its padlocked door, marked the boundary of the yard and answered the purposes of a cellar where the tenants of the big, ill-constructed barracks might store away their coal and kindling.

In front of one of these sheds stood the redoubtable Mrs. Doolan, her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders and her arms still flecked with soapsuds from the steaming tub near the door. She was brandishing an open red hand upward at a huddled figure on the roof of the shed, and her rich brogue, that Cillie always loved to hear for the kindness and softness of its tones, was now hoarse with passion and anger.

Wondering what could have come over the motherly, gentle woman to change her so, the little girl drew near to the shed, and as she did so, the figure on the roof turned over and showed his face. It was Cesare. He was sprawled out the full length of the slanting roof, his body almost invisible on account of the slope; and his dark, wicked face leered at the woman below him, his chin in his hand and his elbow on the edge of the roof. Whether he took the pose deliberately or unconsciously it is impossible to say; but as Cillie and Mrs. Doolan saw him, he was an evil counterpart of one of the little cherubs under the feet of the Blessed Virgin in a picture which they both knew well.

When Cillie had come quite close to Mrs. Doolan, but a little behind her, she heard blows resounding on the inside of the shed door and a smothered voice crying repeatedly:

"Lemme out! Lemme out!"

"Hahve you the kay?" demanded the irate Mrs. Doolan of the leering person on the roof.

"Oi hahven't the kay," mocked that wicked

imp.

"Fwat's thaht but the kay in your hahnd, ye black divil ye, lockin' me little b'y in the shed!"

"Fwat's thaht but the black one in the shed

and no Teem Doola' b'y," retorted Cesare, mingling brogue and broken English.

"Come down out o' thaht, ye spalpeen, an' give me the kay, or Oi'll hahve the law on ye!"

Cesare's knowledge of English was too limited to tell him that "the law" meant a policeman, so the threat had no effect; he only jeered again at the clamoring boy and the furious woman and glanced casually at Cillie; and he was so much engaged with the audience directly in front of him that he did not observe a figure that darted out from the basement room which was part of Mrs. Doolan's holding and ran swiftly down the length of the barracks to where the house and the sheds came closest together at right angles. It was Tooralladdy; and Cillie, who was watching, saw him disappear at the back of the sheds, and wondered what he could be about; for she was sure, from his haste and stealthiness, that he had some plan of action on foot.

In a moment there was a yell and a squirm from Cesare, who tried to turn over to look back at the end of the shed; but he seemed unable to do so. A tirade of Italian followed which was unintelligible to those in front; but his face and his voice indicated profanity, and his "Queet dat! Let-a go da laig!" that occa-

sionally broke through the stream of Italian, told them that he was held fast in his uncomfortable position by some one at the rear of the shed.

"Give her the key!" said a muffled voice that might have come from inside the shed or from behind it; and when the demand had been repeated several times and Cesare at last found it expedient to comply, his first care was to draw up his long legs and rub his bruised shins, squatting on the roof like a tailor on his bench.

Meantime, Mrs. Doolan, picking up the key and continuing her angry protests, opened the door of the shed and let out Tim, red with anger as well as with the heat of the close quarters, and Cesare, when he saw him, was evidently surprised and glanced quickly down the back passageway after his recent tormentor; but the latter had disappeared as swiftly and silently as he had come.

"Teem een-a da shaid!" Cesare exclaimed. "Where-a Tooladda?" and he looked toward the Doolans' open door.

No one answered him. Tim was telling his mother how the door had been slammed and locked on him while he was getting coal for the kitchen stove, and how his blows on the door and his yells to be let out—which had finally brought her to his rescue—had only resulted in taunts from his late tormentor.

When his story came to an end it was found that Cesare had disappeared from the shed; and as they caught a last glimpse of him limping through the gate to the street, Tooralladdy made a dash from the sheds to the kitchen door and slammed it after him. Cillie, Mrs. Doolan, and Tim followed him, and when they reached the kitchen Tim asked with a grin:

"What did you do to him, Tooralladdy?"

"Grabbed his ankles where they stuck over the edge of the shed and hung on till I like to broke 'em; and I wisht I had!" answered Tooralladdy, viciously. "I bet he'll be sore for a week!"

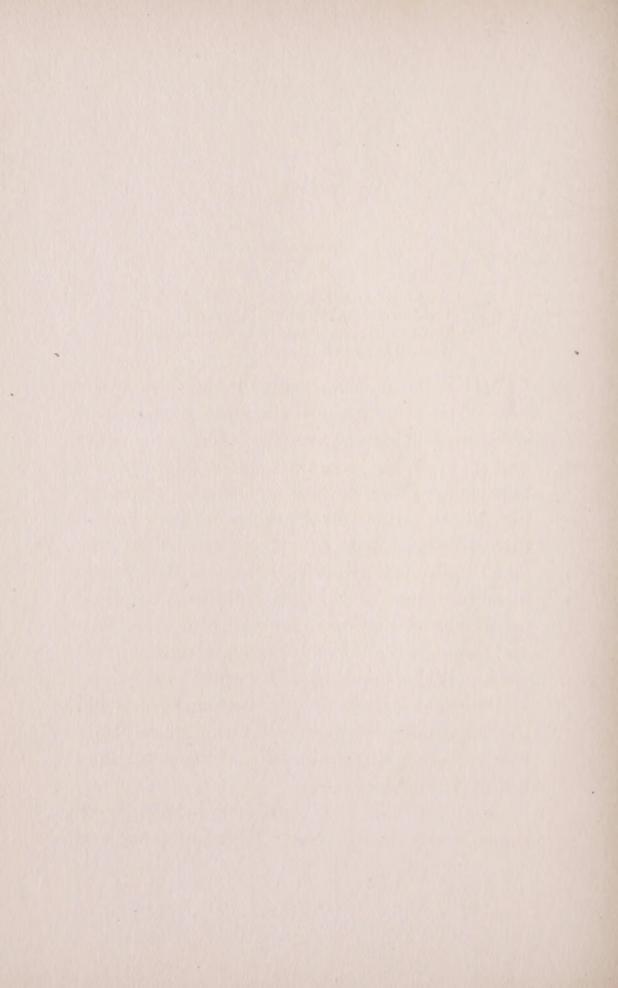
"Why did he want to keep you in the shed, Timmie?" queried Cillie.

"I dunno," said Tim; but Tooralladdy interrupted tersely:

"He thought it was me. He's got somethin' ag'in me, an' that's the reason."

"Fwat hahve yez been doin' till him?" asked Mrs. Doolan of the two boys; but Tim denied that he had been doing anything to Cesare, and Tooralladdy refused to say anything; so Mrs. Doolan, with a sweeping con-

demnation of boys in general went back to her washing, and Cillie and Tooralladdy went down to the basement to visit the pigs.



CHAPTER VII

MURDER!

"Oh, we're marching along to old Quebec, And the drums are loudly beating; We'll open the ranks and take another in, While the British are retreating!"

THUS the children sang in the dusk of the May evening, and the shrill young voices rose and fell joyously on the balmy air. Here and there, if one were passing, he might hear a man or a woman joining in the song or crooning the melody; and if one could have looked through their eyes into their brains, as one looks through a window, there doubtless would have been seen a vision of childhood conjured up by the old refrain, for many of these men and women had been boys and girls of this very neighborhood, this identical old street; and the old games revived perennially, as did the flags, phloxes, sweet-williams, johnny-jumpups, and other old-fashioned and sweet-smelling flowers in the dooryards.

One time—oh, that was such a lark for all the children—when young Tom Lawrence and his wife, who had been Effie Little, were home on a visit from the East, where they lived since their marriage, they had left the wide porch where were assembled Lawrences, Littles, and other relatives of varying degrees, not to mention friends and neighbors, who had come to welcome them, and had joined the great ring of children in the street.

"Here, you youngsters," called young Tom, as he ran down the walk with his young wife, holding her hand, "let us in that ring! 'Tisn't so very long since we belonged there, anyhow, and all of you were in long clothes, too little

to toddle."

And with a shout of welcome from the youngsters Tom and Effie were children again and went through the whole gamut of games they had played and sung as children, until there was no game left to play and everyone was thoroughly tired out, but entirely happy; and old Tom Lawrence, young Tom's father, up on the porch, said it wouldn't take so very much coaxing to make him take a hand in the games himself, because he wasn't so old, either, and if mother only said the word—

But mother did not. She was stout and had asthma; and besides—more's the pity!—she had long since forgotten how to be young.

Some people do, you know; and some, more fortunate, never entirely forget it, and they enjoy life so much the more.

No such upsetting of the usual order of things marked the evening in question, when Miss Marget Ann's sweet voice proclaimed that she, too, was "maachin'" and that the "Bruttish" were "retreatin'." In contrast to her clear tones rang out a strident falsetto, much more earnest than musical.

"Who's the new frog in the mill pond," inquired Senator Darbison, as he and his wife sat on their balcony, exchanging now and then a word with a passing neighbor and chatting in a desultory fashion about the occurrences, public and private, of the day.

"I think it must be Edward Tracy," replied Mrs. Darbison, who pointedly refrained from using the nickname, Tooralladdy, that every one else had so readily adopted. She said it was unkind and unchristian to allow such a name to cling to any boy; and though the victim of it only grinned when he heard her say so, it was noticeable that when she addressed him as Edward he responded with a beaming countenance that showed his appreciation of the difference. But her husband said he thought Tooralladdy was rather dis-

tinctive and unusual; so he and the children continued to call the boy the name by which they had first known him.

"I think it must be Edward Tracy," she said. "I have noticed the new voice only within the last couple of weeks; since he came to Mrs. Doolan's in fact."

"The poor lad can't sing as well as he can 'say his joggerfy,' can he?"

That was Tooralladdy's principal accomplishment, his geography, and he was prone to parade it.

"I don't suppose he has ever played children's games," the man continued, "or sung children's songs until he came into this agglomeration."

"Oh, yes, he has; at least, he has sung the hymns and songs they sing at school, so Father Bacon tells me. He says Edward has a very receptive mind and a fine, sturdy character; that there is the making of a fine man in him if only some one will take an interest in him and lend him a helping hand. Now, what are you smiling at?"

The light from Wolfe's lamp-post shone full on the senator's face, and he could not have hidden, even had he tried, his amusement from his wife.

"At you and Father Bacon and your plans,"

he answered, "which I am to be permitted to carry out; for of course you stood sponsor for my acquiescence. How many does this make? Thirty-seven?"

"Nonsense! There were only four others, and you know they did you credit at St. Ignatius's."

"Especially Duprez, who is now at Sing Sing, and Burke, who ought to be, if what people say of him is true."

"I said, 'at St. Ignatius's'. They did do you credit there. What they became afterward was not the fault of the college nor of their education."

"Nor mine, I hope," he quizzed.

"Of course not!" was the somewhat indignant response. "And besides, you seem to forget Amann, who is to be ordained next year, and Thompson, who would have amounted to something above the ordinary, I'm sure, had he lived and grown strong."

"Yes, I think he would, poor fellow. so you and Father Bacon have put your heads together and decided that Tooralladdy is to be the next protégé, eh?"

"Well, aren't you interested in the boy, and aren't you always doing something for somebody? And why not Edward as well as another? You haven't any one else in view, have you?"

She knew he had not, as she knew all the ins and outs of his busy life and generous heart; but it suited her whim sometimes to invite further confidences by assuming that there was more to be told.

"Is it necessary that there should always be a sort of Darbison scholarship at the college, keeping a place warm for Dillie until he is old enough to fill it himself?"

"Not necessary, of course; but, for my part, I am proud to remember that in all the seventy-odd years since the college was founded there has been a Darbison there, or some one to represent the name. And you know you are, yourself. Come, now, John, confess that you are as keen about the matter as I am, and have not the least intention of letting the custom lapse. If James Ling goes to the University in the autumn, as he hopes to do, there will be an opening at the college for Edward and—"

"And he won't be fitted to fill it," interrupted the senator.

"Oh, yes, he will, with a little coaching, Father Bacon says."

"And who's to coach him?"

"Father Bacon and-"

"And you?"

"The idea! No; you."

The big man threw back his head and

laughed long and loudly.

"It's out at last," he said finally. "I knew I was to be the victim if you and Father Bacon got your heads together. So I'm to pay the piper and also teach him the tunes, am I? But, seriously, we know little of the boy except that he comes of bad stock; and perhaps he has no more desire for a good education or anything better than what he is or knows at present than—"

"Ah, you don't know, but I do! I've really been making his acquaintance, and I've discussed him fully with Father Bacon; and you'll allow that he ought to know the boy, and he does. It was because he saw so much that is good in Edward that he persuaded his uncle to give him up; for that's what it amounts to, his being with Mrs. Doolan. And that, Father Bacon says, was only preliminary to something better, when opportunity should offer. And now here it is."

"Here what is?"

"The opportunity."

"Where? I must confess I don't see it."

"Why, James Ling's scholarship. Doesn't that make an opening for Edward?"

"A woman's reasoning, truly! Because one boy gives up a sort of benefice to accept something better, another must immediately be found to fill the shoes he steps out of. It isn't so much that a boy must be helped as that a vacancy must be filled."

"Now you think you're teasing me, so I know my case is won. In the morning——"

"Not so fast, my Lady Bountiful! The boy himself may like to have a word to say in the matter. And by the way, what do you and Father Bacon purpose to make of him? Another priest? A professional man? A globetrotter? That last is what his 'joggerfy' would indicate."

Before Mrs. Darbison could answer there was a sudden break in the new game that the merry children had taken up.

"What shall we dress her in, Dress her in, dress her in? What shall we dress her in? Shall it be black?"

So they had been singing at the top of their happy voices; but now the song wavered, broke, died away and was drowned in a wave of tumult that rose and swelled at the far corner of the street where the crowd of young boys nightly assembled on Gallio's cellar door. There were loud,

angry and blasphemous words; then a jumble of voices, male and female; the sound of barrels suddenly overturned and rolling about, the rush of flying feet and a shrill scream of agony. And then down the street came a frantic man, running for his life; and the children's ring parted and broke as Cesare dashed through it and made for the Welsh Yard, the frightened children scurrying out of his way like hares and pheasants when the gunner invades the creatures' preserves in the wood.

"Cesare!"

Senator Darbison shouted sternly at the fleeing figure and laid his hand on the balcony rail preparatory to leaping over on to the pavement; but his wife seized his arm and forcibly held him back.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "Don't you see that the man has a knife and that he is frantic and desperate?"

The tumult of the street rose and rolled onward in the wake of the fugitive. At Gallio's corner the harsh, cracked voice of an old woman wailed in tears, lamenting her oldest son; and a man's deeper tones, her husband's, crying that his sin had found him out, poured forth maledictions and curses on the evil one whom

he had sheltered and harbored, and who now repaid his kindness with murder.

Yes, murder it was; and boyish voices took up the word, shouted it, yelled it, and added to the horrid cry of "Murder!" high-pitched and almost inarticulate yells that quickly resolved themselves into "Stop him!" "Police!" "Look out! he'll cut you!" "Cesare! Cesare!" "Don't let him get away!" and a score of others. The children shrieked and some of them burst into sobs and cries, while all of them fled houseward, if not homeward.

Dillie and Cillie, the first thought of each being for the other, clasped hands and ran fleetly home, not waiting to mount the steps, but swiftly clambering over the balcony rail to cling to their mother, Dillie hiding his eyes in her dress; but Cillie's gaze followed the form now scarcely perceptible in the dusk, now disappearing through the gate that led to the Welsh Yard. Then she spoke, clutching her father's arm and pointing half-way down the dim vista of the street.

"Tooralladdy!"

Out from a basement areaway, where he had taken refuge in the first flurry of excitement, and whence he had been peering through the railings at Cesare as he approached, passed and disappeared, now darted Tooralladdy. He was barefoot and without his jacket—and this much of his apparel he reclaimed later from the depths of the dark areaway where he dropped it when he made ready to follow Cesare; much later, in fact, when midnight had laid its peaceful spell on the erstwhile tumultuous neighborhood. The boy ran swiftly down the darkening street, one tattered shirt sleeve fluttering behind him, peered this way and that through the open gate at the end, then slipped through and was lost to the view of those four who were watching him from the balcony.



CHAPTER VIII

TOORALLADDY'S DETECTIVE WORK

THE spell of horror which had fallen on all the street when the cry of "Murder!" cut the air was quickly broken up into ungovernable excitement, noise, and rush. Down the street came a rabble of boys and men; boys of the neighborhood who were wont to loaf, of late, around Gallio's corner, and men attracted to the corner from adjacent thoroughfares by the unusual clamor and uproar. They jostled one another as they ran, no one, it seemed, desiring to come too close upon the heels of the desperate man they were pursuing. Indeed, he had the. start of them by a good block, for it took some seconds for them to recover from their excitement sufficiently to give chase; and Tooralladdy, who was closest behind him, was perhaps two hundred feet away from Cesare as he passed through the Welsh Yard gate.

"What is it? Who is it?" called Senator Darbison, as the crowd surged by; and a man, detaching himself from the press, mounted the

stone coping of the balcony and kept his footing on the narrow outside ledge by holding on to the rail while he detailed the news.

"It's murder, Senator, and the furriner ought to swing for it! I was in the store when it happened, and it was Cesare's fault, not Luigi's. Yes, it's Luigi that's murdered. He was carrying a big freezer of ice cream up from the cellar and Cesare jammed into him and almost threw him down the cellarway. 'Get out o' the way, you whelp!' says Luigi-he orter 'a' kicked him out—an' with that Cesare calls him a— (he checked himself suddenly out of deference to the woman and children at his elbow)—a name, and Luigi dropped the freezer and struck at him. Then Cesare jerks a knife out of his shirt bosom an' made a slash at Luigi an' cut his shoulder. God! He looked like a tiger, he was that savage! Luigi backed away from him as soon as he seen the knife and looked around for something to defend himself with, but the' wasn't nothin' handy. Then he turned and run out the back door, Cesare after him, and some of us fellows after him; but before we could reach them he jumped on Luigi an' he turned around to grapple with him an' Cesare druv the knife in Luigi's throat. It must 'a' killed him right away, 'cause Luigi fell down on the

pavement an' never stirred; an' Cesare gave him one look and then run like a deer. 'Fore any of us fellers could draw breath he was gone. An' now look at the gang that's after him! They'll never get him, though; he's got too good a start.'

"Is there a policemen in the lot?" inquired the senator, "or any man strong enough or daring enough to overpower the ruffian if they catch up with him?"

"Not a one," responded the informer; "but Patsy Brazil an' his pardner was goin' down the street, an' as soon as they heard some one yell 'Murder!' and saw Cesare run down this way, they knowed he was makin' for the river an' they ran down Broad street to head him off."

"Good!" ejaculated Darbison. "If Brazil gets down to the levee before Cesare does, Cesare's goose is cooked." For he knew Brazil, the policeman, to be a man of power along the levee, where he was held in awe by the unruly element, both white and black, that lived there; and he was sure they would help him to hold or to ferret out any one not of their clique who was fleeing from justice through their territory and across the river into another state.

When the crowd reached the Welsh Yard it

paused. Some of the men passed through; some turned and retraced their steps, not caring to risk the chance of Cesare's leaping out on them from ambush with his wicked knife. The dwellers of the street were to be found in both parties; but many of them, too, were still in their own or in their neighbors' dooryards, gasping out question and answer in regard to the sudden and awful catastrophe that had befallen their peaceful quarter. At Gallio's corner the mother of the dead youth wept loudly and without comfort; and her remaining son and daughters, scarcely less moved, vainly endeavored to quiet her. The store was deserted; the father sat alone in the ice-cream parlor, a stricken man who, from that night, aged perceptibly, and within a year, was, at middle age, a decrepit and tottering wreck of his former self.

The body of the poor murdered youth was at length carried within doors and the terrible wound through which his life had gone forth ceased to crimson the pave; but on the spot where he had fallen there was, for years after, replacing the bricks, a small stone slab on which was deeply engraved a cross. This in accordance with the foreign custom which always marks the scene of a violent death with the symbol of man's redemption.

The kindly women of the neighborhood went at once to minister to the afflicted household, first among them being Mrs. Giffen, Dave's mother, whose recent bereavement made her heart especially tender toward this sorrowing mother. And ere long Father Bacon came, too.

"Bless his sahft heart!" said Mrs. Doolan, "he always knows whin an' where there's sorrah to be comforted, an' there you'll find him wid the kind wurd ready."

To him the sympathizing women gave place, many of them knowing by experience that his wise and kindly counsel was indeed a balm of Gilead.

And what of Tooralladdy?

When Cesare, with his gleaming knife, had vanished through the Welsh Yard gate, and the boy had swiftly and silently followed him, running, catlike, in his bare feet, Tooralladdy, peering through the same opening, had looked to the right and then to the left, expecting to see a skulking figure among the sheds; and not seeing him, he was temporarily nonplussed. Then his keen eye, looking straight ahead, caught sight of the fleeing man laboring down the slope of sticky clay, heavy from recent rains, as he made what haste he could directly to Drain street on his way to the river. At once

Tooralladdy saw Cesare's false move; he had thought that the shortest route to the river, to a skiff, to escape; but the boy, better acquainted with the locality, knew that the man would find himself in a pocket, and have to double back to find an outlet to the safety he sought, thus losing time. Tooralladdy thought rapidly, then he dashed through the Dutch Yard and so out on to the street on which the German tenement fronted, then turned again to his left, toward Drain street. At the corner there was a saloon of unsavory repute, and from within he heard the rollicking voices of men. He stopped and peered cautiously around the corner of the house, up Drain street, and saw Cesare about half a block distant, still laboring through mire, still clutching his knife; and of pursuers there was not one to be seen.

Tooralladdy knew not what to do. He looked about him for inspiration. There was no one in sight but women and children, and they were worse than useless, for he knew that Cesare would cut at them ruthlessly if they impeded his flight even unintentionally. At his wits' ends, he was on the point of doubling on his own course to escape Cesare's vengeance, who, he knew, would not spare him, when he heard a loud guffaw from the saloon against

which he leaned, panting from his long run. In a flash he had dashed open the swinging green baize doors and stood among the carousing men at the bar.

"Uncle Dan! Uncle Dan!" he gasped. "Come out—quick! You kin ketch him!" And seizing the man by the wrist, he dragged

him toward the door.

"Tooralladdy! What ails ye, me lad?" said Big Dan Tracy, dropping his glass with a crash and allowing the boy to hurry him from the bar. The other men turned at the interruption, and their loud laughter and ribald jokes were silenced.

"It's Cesare," answered Tooralladdy. "He's cut somebody—they yelled 'Murder!'—he's coming down Drain street—he's got a knife—be careful, Uncle Dan!—but ketch him—you kin hold him—" and peering again around the corner of the house, he drew back quickly and made a sign that the fugitive was close at hand.

Big Dan Tracy stepped within the recess of the door and flattened himself against the jamb, drawing his young nephew back with him and motioning to the men inside, whom he could see over the top of the screen, not to come out. Almost at that instant Cesare ran swiftly past the side of the house, crossed the pavement and was darting across the street when Tracy sprang from the doorway almost on his back and threw his great arms about his shoulders, momentarily taking the murderer by surprise. But Cesare was slight and agile and squirmed like a cat in the other's big embrace, striving to use his knife. His elbows were pinioned; but as his supple wrist slashed back at his captor, Tooralladdy, darting out from the haven where his brawny uncle had placed him, stooped and caught at Cesare's ankles, and the lithe Italian went down in the gutter, with Tracy on top of him clutching his knife hand.

On the instant, half a dozen men came to Tracy's assistance, and the murderer was disarmed and disabled; after which they picked him up, quite limp, and were about to tie his hands, when the tardy hue and cry came down Drain street. The crowd might have done him bodily harm; but at that moment Patsy Brazil and his partner, running from Broad street, took charge of the prisoner, speedily handcuffed him and hustled him away to the police station, followed by a motley crowd of men, women, and children from the slums, who had gathered at the cry of death as vultures scent a carcass from afar.

Tooralladdy stood in the midst of the crowd

that remained, with blood trickling down his forearm from a side swipe of Cesare's knife.

"You're hurted, me lad; sure, he's cut ye!"

said Tracy, anxiously.

"It's nawthin'; on'y a scratch," answered the boy, and shook the blood from his fingers while Big Dan Tracy, with his rough hand gently laid on the boy's shoulder, told and retold how cleverly the lad had traced and trapped the fugitive, making light of his own share in the capture; and the crowd of men and boys who had joined in the pursuit at a safe distance, now augmented by many others attracted by the excitement, related the story of Luigi Gallio's murder and Cesare's flight.

Hours later, after Tooralladdy's slight wound had been dressed and he himself stowed away, a hero, in his humble quarters, Cillie Darbison had a funny thought as she lay awake in her little room, and she laughed softly in the darkness.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Dillie, from his room across the hall. "Why don't you go to sleep? I shouldn't think anybody could laugh after tonight."

"Oh, you'd be shocked if I told you," answered the little girl; so she did not tell until many months later, when Tooralladdy's fortunes had taken a decided turn for the better.



CHAPTER IX

THE "MOTHER SCHOOL'S" NEW PUPIL

A PEAR-TREE, no matter how large and roomy, no matter how crochety its limbs and adaptable as seats, no matter how hard its young fruit and formidable as missiles of defense—a pear-tree, you will acknowledge, is not the best place in the world for a family quarrel. The aggressor—and the aggressor's name was always Cillie, as the defender's was sure to be Dillie—might be spry and supple and fearlessly tantalizing; but chasing and teasing a victim in a pear-tree is not as easy of accomplishment as is the same process on a lawn, or in a stable, or even through the house, where one can flee up the front stairs and down the back, or dodge from kitchen to pantry, from porch to cellarway, from attic to gable roof.

Dillie had found that out long ago; and he had also discovered that the aggressor was quite his equal in daring, strength, and agility, and his superior in attaining the end in view; that is, she always succeeded in getting the

prize or the information which he possessed and on which she had set her heart. When Cillie said, "I'll follow you and tease you until you give in," Dillie knew that his work was cut out for him; and as a last resource he took to the pear-tree, where, by skilful manœuvering, he could keep out of her reach, and when he had led her as high as the branches would support their weight, he could again escape by dropping from branch to branch. In that, Cillie was obliged to confess a handicap, for she had tried it one day and found to her cost that skirts are not trousers; that they catch on knotty limbs and hold the wearer suspended, and that gathers rip and hems tear when put to the test, and that a 'boy girl' sometimes has to pay for her fun by spending a whole afternoon mending what a patient and long-suffering mother at length refuses either to repair or to countenance as part of her daughter's wardrobe.

It was a warm morning in June. School was "out" for all the children who went to a real school; but the "mother school" that the Darbisons attended seldom had a long vacation. If the weather was particularly oppressive, perhaps school "took in" at seven instead of at nine, and "let out" after a short session. But scarcely a day passed that had not its task in

the class-room; and the day that was so marked was neither the shortest nor the happiest day, as the children and their mother all had had occasion to remark. In fact, a do-less day was a sorry day.

It was undoubtedly too warm for comfort on this particular June day—decidedly too warm for violent exercise; and yet Dillie dashed out of the house at full speed and made a flying jump for the lower limbs of the peartree, with Cillie in hot pursuit. He missed the limb and barely had time to circle the tree and make for the open stable door before Cillie was again at his heels. Up the ladder he flew, into the hay-loft, and then gave the ladder a kick that dislodged it; and by the time Cillie had it again in place he was out of the loft window and comparatively safe in the pear-tree.

Cillie descended from the loft and went ruefully out on the lawn.

"You're the meanest, hatefullest, cantankerestest boy!" she cried, gazing up at him as she clicked her teeth together and tried to look as vicious as a pretty, and, on the whole, a nice little girl can look. "If I knew something you wanted to know, you know I'd tell you it." Dillie laughed and came down a bough or two when he saw she had no intention of following him.

"I'll bet you would! When you know something, you're bound to tell it; girls always do. Papa doesn't tell you things he doesn't want told."

"He does, too," snapped Cillie, asserting herself because she felt that Dillie was right; and then she added in a wheedling tone, "I think you *might* tell me."

"Maybe I will when it happens," he replied,

teasingly.

"And when will that be?"

"Oh, about eight o'clock, I guess.

"To you or to me?"

"To both and neither of us."

"Now, Dillie, how can you be so stupid? You know that can't be so."

"Just wait and see, Miss."

"Oh, wait till I catch you! Won't I tickle you for this!"

"No, you won't. You'll be so tickled your-self you won't think about anything else."

"Do you like it?"

"Don't I! It's the jolliest thing!"

"We're going to Rilea's Pond," guessed Cillie.

"Not today," chanted Dillie in sing-song, "nor any other day, that I know of."

"Uncle Francis is coming," she ventured

again.

"Gee! I wish he was!" exclaimed Dillie in a tone that carried conviction, but not a solution of Cillie's problem.

"We're not going to have any school today,"

she suggested.

"Oh, ain't we?" jeered Dillie, and the idea seemed to strike him as being particularly funny. "No school today! Just think of that!" he said, shutting one eye and addressing a robin on the lawn that was regarding him in the same quizzical manner. And then he went off into fits of laughter.

Cillie was about to begin again her alternate pleadings and scoldings, but interrupted herself when she heard the iron gate shut with a clang and footsteps come along the flagged walk that led across the lawn. Curiosity prompted her to run around the corner of the house to see who was coming in, but at that moment Dillie, with a "Hi there! Wait a minute!" began to descend from the pear-tree and she saw her opportunity of catching him at last. While she hesitated about what to do, the newcomer appeared, and it was Tooral-

laddy. Cillie was surprised to see him, as she knew he had been there an hour or two earlier on his every-morning errand which vitally concerned the pigs; more surprised when she noticed that he was carrying books and a slate; and most surprised of all when she realized that what surprised her did not seem to have the same effect on Dillie, at whom she had glanced to see what he thought of the evidence in the case.

"You're early," Dillie remarked.

"He said to come about half past seven," replied Tooralladdy.

"Who said?" asked Cillie.

"Yer father," answered the boy.

"Cat's out!" cried Dillie, and grinned expansively at his sister; but she looked from one to the other without understanding.

At that moment, while the three stood in a triangular group unusually silent, Mrs. Dar-

bison appeared at the end of the porch.

"Class-time!" she called. "Oh, are you there, Edward? I didn't hear you come in and was afraid you were going to start in as a tardy scholar. Dillie will show you where to wash your hands before you come upstairs."

"They're clean, ma'am," said Tooralladdy, showing a pair of rough and warty but clean

hands. "And me shoes, too," he added proudly.

By this time Cillie had recovered her wits and her breath and she ran to her mother.

"Is Tooralladdy coming to our school, mama?" she asked.

"Edward Tracy is," was the smiling reply of the mother.

"Why?" queried the little girl.

"So he'll be ready for St. Ignatius's in the fall. Don't you like him to come?"

"Oh, yes! It's jolly! But why didn't you tell us about it before?"

"Dillie knew it," said her mother, gently and evasively.

"And you didn't tell me because you thought I'd blab it, and it's nobody's affair but ours?"

"Blab isn't a pretty word, dear," answered Mrs. Darbison; but as there was no denial of her suspicion, Cillie felt rebuked.

"I'm sorry I'm such a tattletale, mama," she said. "I won't tell a single soul, I promise you."

"Oh, you may tell whom you please, now. It's no longer a secret, now that everything is arranged. That is, you needn't speak of Edward's going to St. Ignatius's, but every one will know soon that he is coming here for his daily lessons."

"Yes, mama." Then, turning to Dillie, Cillie asked suddenly, "Is that what you knew?"

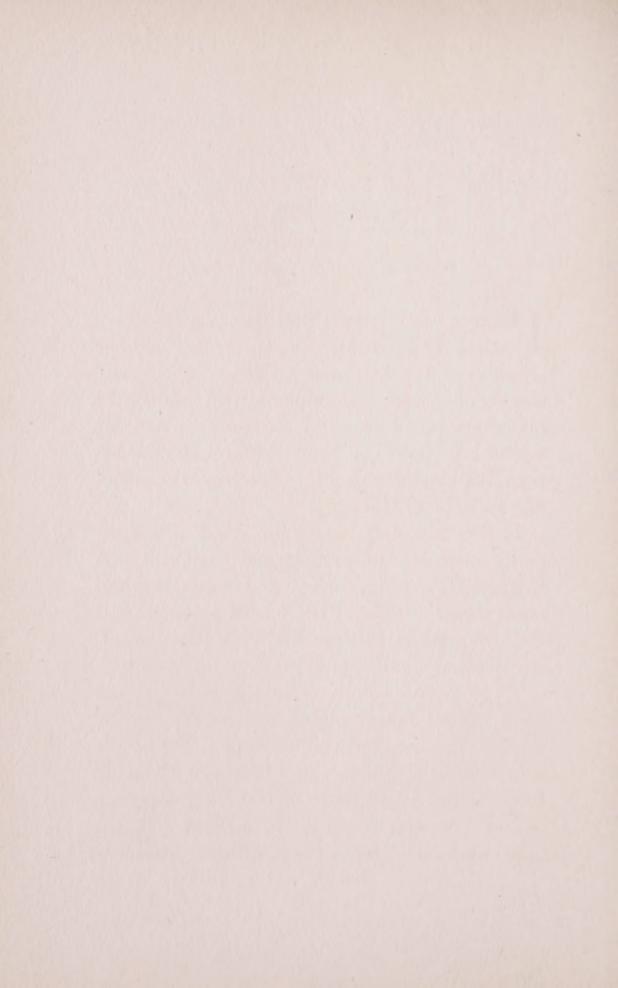
"Yes, it is, Miss Curiosity!"

"Oh, I'll fix you now for teasing me! Hold him for me, Tooralladdy!"

Dillie made another dash for the stable door, intending to pursue the same tactics that had served him so well in the first pursuit, but he had Tooralladdy to reckon with now, as well as Cillie, and he was not as fortunate as before. Tooralladdy's long arms and legs gave him the advantage, and so Dillie was caught by the leg when half way up to the loft and to freedom and he was rather more than persuaded to come down and take his punishment. Tooralladdy held him while Cillie pretended to pound him unmercifully and tickled him not a little; but as there was a great deal of laughter and play over the performance, it is not likely that Cillie was much in earnest, or Dillie much hurt, or Tooralladdy much scandalized. The tinkling of the dining-room bell warned them that it was time for lessons, and the three children hastened into the house, Tooralladdy stopping at the pear-tree to pick up his books and slate, which he had dropped there when Cillie bade him hold her teasing brother; and as they mounted the stairs to the school-room, on the third floor, Dillie remarked, in the favorite catch phrase of the last few weeks:

"O'ny fer Tooralladdy, I wudn't be

kotched that time."



CHAPTER X

TOORALLADDY'S EDUCATION

IT must be confessed that the first few days that Tooralladdy spent in the "mother school," as the Darbison children called their class-room, were not replete with benefit to his education; it was all too funny, from his school-boy point of view, and too unlike his previous experiences of school-rooms, school life and school-teachers.

In the first place, the room itself was decidedly pleasant and inviting; and that was contrary to the impressions that Tooralladdy had carried away from all the school-rooms he had ever frequented, for they had been bare, gaunt, stuffy always, and sometimes squalid and dirty.

This school-room was in the gable at the back of the house; high and peaked in the middle, the boarded ceiling sloped toward the side walls, which it met at a height of about six feet, so that in all parts of the room a person of ordinary size could stand upright. In the gable end was a high, triple window overlook-

ing the stable roof, some twenty feet distant; and each of the side walls was pierced by two broad, low windows with wide sills; those on the west giving a glimpse of neighboring roofs and chimneys, while the eastern outlook was a mass of green that rose from the lawn and garden belonging to the house. Some fine trees lifted their branches even above the level of these windows, and the trunks of two that had been struck by lightning bore up a great mass of flowering trumpet vines. Each of these windows had its own constant and varying delight to offer to eyes weary of type, for each held a deep, wide window box filled with growing plants. In the eastern windows vines ran up to the edge of the roof and shaded the room from the morning sun; such a riot of blue and white and pink and crimson and purple and rose-colored morning glories as was seen nowhere else in so much loveliness and profusion the children thought; but perhaps that was because the beautiful bells swung between them and the sun and were painted in more than golden light, almost in fire. Rock moss and jewel weed and johnny-jump-up and verbena and other bright flowers bloomed daily, to wave in the breeze and be dashed by the rain; and though Dillie snipped off blossoms every morning for the vase on his mother's table, they never seemed to number any less in their airy gardens.

The walls of this school-room, too, were a revelation to Tooralladdy. There were plenty of pictures all about, unframed and unglazed, and fastened to the dark wood with bright brass thumb-tacks. Tooralladdy was fond of pictures, and his eager eyes studied these often when he should have been conning his lessons; but his new school-teacher never reproved him for inattention, for she knew that he was thus acquiring a part of his education. At intervals of several weeks, as Tooralladdy soon saw, the pictures were changed and a new set substituted, all of them copies of old masters or of famous paintings or engravings; and Mrs. Darbison then explained to the children the significance of those that did not readily explain themselves, and spoke to them of the artist who had drawn or painted the originals, of their lives, of their countries, and of the eras during which they had lived.

There were maps and charts on the walls, also, that Tooralladdy understood and appreciated more readily. Great maps that showed creeks as well as rivers, hills as well as mountains, little towns and large cities; and these,

too, were changed from time to time as the famous "joggerfy" lessons required. The botanical charts were a mystery to the boy for a long while, until he was given a practical demonstration in the science; and then, though he enjoyed the lesson, he could not help thinking and saying that it was a pity to tear up a pretty flower just to see how it is made. For he could not grow accustomed to their profusion and was apprehensive lest the constant stripping of the blossoms for vases would leave the window boxes and vines all bare.

And the teacher! Oh! she was a delight! Sometimes Tooralladdy studied her instead of his surroundings, and he never suspected that she knew it, for she seemed so absorbed in other things. Looking at her, the boy tried to conjure up a vision of other teachers he had known—for he had been in many classes and at several schools. He would picture the stolid, round-faced Miss Magg, always yawning in the children's faces and making them feel as dull and stupid as she was herself; the wiry Mrs. Irwin, with her corkscrew curls the color of dirty yellow smoke, who looked a typical old maid, such as one sees on "comic" valentines, and was, in fact, the virago mother of four cowed children; the sneering, leering

Cregan with his cruel, sharp tongue, everlastingly banging his desk with his big ruler and assailing the boys with names that put mischief into their fertile brains. These and others did Tooralladdy pass in mental review for four or five minutes at a stretch, only to come back to a realization of a pretty, plump lady who darned stockings or mended clothes or flashed a bright needle in and out of gay wools when she was not hearing a recitation or leaning over a desk and patiently explaining away a "stump" in a particularly hard lesson.

Cillie and Dillie had their lessons together, though Cillie sniffed over grammar, which she disliked intensely, and sometimes even wept at its difficulties, while Dillie learned and recited his with ease and pleasure. But then, when it came to arithmetic, Cillie's pencil flew at her slate with quick jabs and dashes, while Dillie's crawled and squeaked dolefully and had to be encouraged by his teacher to finish its task.

In the midst of his first lesson in arithmetic, which was really a review so that his new teacher might gauge his knowledge of it, Tooralladdy was horrified to see Cillie jump up from her desk and seat herself on the south window sill, where she proceeded to dig about the flowers in the box with a little garden tool.

Such a breach of discipline was rank rebellion, he thought, and he looked apprehensively at Mrs. Darbison, wondering what effect anger and indignation would have on her placid countenance. To his surprise, she paid no heed whatever to Cillie, but went on with the work she had in hand; and when the clock struck the half hour and Cillie returned to her seat, Tooralladdy had the faintest glimmering of an idea of the system on which the classes were conducted—that whoever had finished an allotted task was at liberty to use the rest of that half hour as he or she pleased, provided no one else was disturbed.

When Dillie picked up a book, or swung a pair of light dumb-bells, or stood idly gazing out of the window with his hands in his trousers pockets; when Cillie tended the gardens, or ran a few lines of stitching in her busy mother's patchwork, or followed Dillie's example with the dumb-bells, or rummaged in a closet that seemed to hold all sorts of girls' gear—at first Tooralladdy gasped and waited for the blow to fall; but within a day or two he had fallen into the ways of this most pleasant "mother school"; and one morning he astonished himself by getting up to study a chart that had excited his curiosity. He saw that it bore pictures of

flowers and leaves and what he called their skeletons, and at the bottom he read a line which said something about botany. Now, he knew Botany Bay, from his beloved "joggerfy"; but what it had to do with flowers, or flowers with it, he had no idea, and he was still too shy to inquire. Then he suddenly realized that he was taking the same liberty that had so amazed him in Cillie and Dillie, and he almost slunk into his seat, expecting a reprimand. None came, however; but instead there was an explanation of the chart, for Mrs. Darbison, who had been engaged with a recitation of Dillie's, saw that it was a puzzle to him. So, in a short while, he felt as much at home in his new surroundings as though he had always known them; making as free with all the school-room furnishings as the others did and feeling as welcome to them as though they were really his own.

On that first day he ran hurriedly through a series of problems in arithmetic as far as percentage and discount, and there his confidence left him and he began to flounder. So there he was told to stop, and from that point Mrs. Darbison's teaching really began. It was the same with all the other studies. He was tested and allowed a free tether as far as his knowledge would permit him to go, and from that point

he was taken in hand by one whom he instinctively felt to be the wisest and kindliest teacher he had ever known; one for whom it would be a pleasure to undertake the mastery of any lesson, and who could make clear even the most obscure page of the catechism.

At ten o'clock of the day that introduced Tooralladdy to this new régime, it was already oppressively warm and there was not a breath of air stirring, not even at the south window; so school was dismissed. While Cillie and Dillie put their books and slates into their desks and arranged their belongings in order, Tooralladdy carried his to the little table which was to be his during the summer, and piled them there in a heap. Meantime, Mrs. Darbison had gone to an old-fashioned chest of drawers that stood in a dark corner of the room, and from one of the small upper drawers with brilliant glass knobs she took a Japanese box divided into several compartments, each containing small cards of different colors. To Cillie she gave a red and a blue one, and to Dillie a red, a blue, and a green; and to Tooralladdy she explained that these were merit cards—red for lessons well recited, blue for good conduct, green for diligence; and that as soon as he had been examined in the various branches of study and

set to regular tasks, he, too, would be given a daily record of merits and demerits, to stand to his bulletin at the end of the month.

Cillie clattered down stairs with Tooralladdy and invited him to go with her to the stable loft, where she and Dillie housed a flock of pigeons, but he said he had promised Tim to help carry home some clothes as soon as school was out, and he must go at once. So Cillie went alone to visit the pigeons, and Dillie remained in the school-room to read, stretched out on the floor with his chin in his hands, his heels in the air, and his big book spread out in front of him.

Tooralladdy's education advanced along many lines during that summer. Besides what he learned from books, there were scores of other lessons that the boy took to heart and by which he profited—lessons of both precept and example. His rough and ready manner of speech quickly softened under a few hints from Mrs. Darbison, who sometimes gave him a correct phrasing for his uncouth style, and sometimes invited him to apply a rule of grammar to some statement that was glaringly incorrect in form, though perhaps right as to facts.

"Is that what grammar's for?" he inquired with dawning understanding, when the lat-

ter method had been applied several times.

"That is, indeed, what grammar is for," replied Mrs. Darbison. "What did you think it was for?"

"That's what it says, of course," he answered, turning to one of the earliest lessons in etymology, "but I never thought of it that way before. Why, I thought grammar was just—just something to learn."

"That's what I'd like to think about sewing," put in Cillie; "just something to learn without

ever having to do it."

"Everything that we learn, Edward," said Mrs. Darbison, shaking a reproving head at Cillie, "is to learn and to apply. And that, in itself, is an important lesson, don't you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the boy thoughtfully, just realizing and taking in the truth of the statement; and he turned the leaves of his grammar meditatively, pausing here and there to read over some well-conned paragraph in the light of this new revelation.

"That makes it all seem different, doesn't it?" he said presently, looking up with a bright smile; and his teacher secretly congratulated herself on the value of her inspiration and the

aptness of her new pupil.

Niceties of manner he soon picked up, and

personal nicety he had never had to learn; for though his face and hands and his bare feet had often, after his work or his play, been somewhat grimy, they were not so longer than it took to reach a hydrant or a tub of water; and as for his clothes, they were always as scrupulously neat and spruce as his scanty supply would permit, and to this scant store Mrs. Doolan added judiciously, as his small fund of money, accumulated by means of "odd jobs," was placed in her hands. Within a few weeks of Tooralladdy's entrance into this new and delightful school the three children took up a new study under a new teacher; and very important they all felt when first they opened their Latin grammars and entered into this new realm under the tutelage of another but equally charming instructor.

"Now that we are going to have a 'father class' in our nice little 'mother school'," said Cillie, by way of preface, "I think perhaps, before we get through, we may have a 'Tooralladdy class', too."

"A 'Tooralladdy class' in what?" queried

practical Dillie.

"Oh, in whistling, maybe; or in leap-frog."
These were two things in which Tooralladdy

was very proficient, but in which Cillie had

lately been forbidden to emulate him, though she was quite clever at either.

"Then we'll have a 'Cillie class,' too, for tomboys," said Dillie.

"And a 'Dillie class' for bookworms," Cillie retorted, and was for going ahead with the friendly squabble, but that the striking of the clock was the signal for school to begin and, therefore, for silence.

Twice a month the school-room had another visitor, Father Bacon, who held a catechism review and gave a detailed explanation of the daily lessons the children had recited since his previous visit; and they all agreed that he, though kind, was the severest taskmaster they had.

"I used to be awful scared of him," Tooralladdy confided to Dillie, "but I'm not any more."

"Well, you'd better be if you don't know your lesson or don't pay attention to the instruction," Dillie replied, "'cause if he ever looks at you with that toothache look of his, you'll wish you were in Jericho."

"I've seen him lam fellows good and hard at the school when they needed it, but he never looks that way when he lams them; he looks white and sorry. So I'm not afraid of that look." "I wonder why he does it?" queried Cillie.

"He gets his face all twisted up till he gets me scared to death."

"I think he wants to look cross and pretend he's cross," said Tooralladdy, "when he isn't at all."

"Well, it's enough for me," said Dillie.

"And me, too," chimed Cillie.



CHAPTER XI

A SUBPŒNA

DURING the long, hot afternoons of summer the street was deserted from curb to curb, where the cobble stones shone white after their early morning washing with a hose; for it was the neighborhood custom to sprinkle the yard, the garden (if they had one), the pavement, and the street while the sun was still far down in the eastern sky. In shady yards and on verandas, in areaways, and in passageways between some houses that stood close together, on side doorsteps and on back porches girls and boys congregated, but seldom in mixed groups, for their occupations were very different.

The girls, for the most part, devised doll clothes out of scraps of silk and wool; or they crocheted or constructed lamp mats on tiny home-made looms built of pins stuck into spools; or they cut paper dolls and made them elaborate and elegant wardrobes from bits of bright tissue paper and tin foil. Sometimes they made what they called ice cream, each one furnishing

part of the ingredients and bits of ice begged from the family ice-chest; and when the mixture was pronounced right as to taste, it was put in a tin bucket and that in a wooden one packed with the ice, and the tin was laboriously turned around and around by the girls, each one taking her turn. The few people who owned freezers—which were not so plentiful then as now—would have hesitated to lend so precious a possession to a party of girls; and on the whole, I am not sure that the makeshift freezer was not part of the fun. The contents, it was said by those who ate of them, were not half bad.

The boys, scorning such feminine pursuits, assembled in their own particular haunts to play mumbledypeg or jacks or checkers or authors or jack-straws; or perhaps they whittled odds and ends of boys' gear—flutes that would not pipe, whistles that wheezed, wagons that wobbled on rickety wheels, furniture for their sisters' doll houses that would fit neither the dolls nor the houses. What they liked best of all was to lie on the hay in the loft of a stable—and there were half a dozen to choose from—and drowse the afternoon away in oft-told tales gathered from books or other sources. Such a session was called the B. B. C., and part of its charm was that no girls were ever admitted,

nor were they told the significance of the cryptic initials, though they guessed everything from Boys' Beneficial Congress to Boobies' and Blockheads' Club. Even that did not induce the boys to tell.

With the coming on of evening, girls and boys sauntered homeward; and before long the street began to be populous again with little girls in fresh-starched frocks and boys in stiff shirtwaists and well brushed trousers; all with shining, clean faces and hair newly slicked or curled. They sat sedately on the front porches or doorsteps, keeping clean, according to their mothers' injunctions, until-well, until they forgot; but that was rarely until after supper. Presently these disappeared briefly by ones, twos and threes, as tinkling supper bells sounded through open doors; and when they emerged once more, it was time to think of the evening games that included the whole democracy of children, large and small, girls and boys.

Late in August the days already begin to grow short, and at seven o'clock twilight falls and shortly merges into darkness. That is the best time of all for "Fox and Geese," or "I Spy," when fleeing forms vanish in the dusk and it is almost impossible to say whether that was Heavenly Gift with Miss Marget Ann's

apron over his head or Miss Marget Ann herself; or whether Tooralladdy had changed caps, with Dillie Darbison; or whether Eddie Barr had turned up the collar of his shirtwaist to make himself look like Sammie Speiser, who wore stand-up collars to protect his weak throat.

"Hide and Seek" was the game, with the hue and cry racing down through the Welsh Yard and back by way of the alleys and over neighbors' fences. Cillie and Amy Little were "It," one keeping guard while the other went cautiously into dusky hiding-places; and they were prowling slowly up the street within earshot of Gallio's store, when they saw two policemen come around the corner and accost the big boys who were lounging on the cellar door.

"Where's this felly they call Tooralladdy?" asked one; and the two little girls stood still in terror to listen while Harvey Grant answered.

"I guess he's down there playing along with the rest of 'em. He usually does. What's he been doing?" he ventured to ask.

"Oh, nuthin'; but we've got a subpœna for him. Where does he live?"

Cillie waited to hear no more, but seizing Amy by the skirt, dragged her along and flew toward home to tell her father what she had heard; for she knew that a subpoena was a summons to court and meant serious business.

Amy did not wait while Cillie recounted her news, but ran here and there, spreading the tidings among the playmates who had been caught and were "home," and they, in turn, helped to give the alarm.

"Tooralladdy" was everywhere in the air; and boys and girls, catching the infection, began to come from their hiding-places and to congregate in groups, whispering "Tooralladdy,"

"Tooralladdy," "Tooralladdy."

The whispers reached the boy's ears as he crouched behind an ash barrel, and he came forth to meet a storm of warnings and admonitions.

"Patsy Brazil's after you!"

"You're goin' to be arrested."

"I'd skoot, if I's you."

"Say, sneak up through Wolfe's alley and he'll never get you."

"What you been doin', Tooralladdy?"

"Here he comes! He'll see you!"

But Tooralladdy heeded none of them. Crossing the street to avoid the officers who were coming in a leisurely manner, he ran straight to the Darbison house and clambered over the railing of the balcony, where Cillie

was telling her father and mother what she had overheard.

"Oh, Tooralladdy," she cried, "come right in here! Papa won't let them get you, will you, papa?"

The officers now crossed the street, for they had seen the boy run, and approached the

house.

"Good evenin', sir; good evenin', ma'am," they said; and one continued, "We're after that boy there, sir."

"What for?"

"The Gallio case, sir."

"But you don't want to take him with you now, surely!"

"He's a sharp one, sir; he might get away; and his testimony is necessary. We were instructed to find him and bring him in, more for safe keeping than anything else."

"Yes, I know his testimony is needed; I've told him he was likely to be summoned and he is willing to testify. I think you needn't fear that he will run away; will you, my boy?"

"Not if you tell me to stay, sir," answered Tooralladdy, "but I don't want to go to jail."

"And you won't. You have the paper, Carey? Why didn't you serve it earlier in the day?"

"I was watching for him all day, sir, but couldn't spy him. I thought he seen me an' was givin' me the slip."

"I was driving for Tom Gorman from eleven o'clock until supper-time, and since then I've been playing," said Tooralladdy. "I didn't know you were looking for me."

"Well, we were told to bring him in, but if you'll be answerable for him, Mr. Darbison—"

"I will," was the reply. "Give me the paper. The boy shall be on hand when he is wanted, I promise you."

"Very well, sir. I'm sorry to have disturbed

you, Senator."

The officers turned away, but one of them came back to say:

"Tracy's in the jail, sir. He's been drinkin' again, and we didn't know what might come to him."

"That was a good move. But the boy's all right. He's not the same stamp as his uncle."

"Very well, sir. Good evenin', sir."

And the officers departed, the younger children flying before them and following in their wake with awe.

The crowd that had gathered dispersed with the departure of the policemen, and there was a half-hearted attempt to renew the interrupted game; but everyone seemed to have lost the spirit of it, and bed time was upon the neighborhood before the excitement had died out.

And once more Tooralladdy retired to his modest quarters the hero of the hour.

CHAPTER XII

THE TRIAL

//HEN the school term opened in September at St. Ignatius's College, Tooralladdy was ready to enter the sixth grade; for he had made good use of his time and his opportunities during the summer, and had given all three of his teachers much pleasure by his devotion to his books and by his eagerness to learn. Therefore Cillie could not understand why, when other boys were flocking back to school and Dillie was wishing it were next year, when he would be a full-fledged collegian himself, Tooralladdy should still continue to come to the "mother school," and share their studies as he had been doing for the past few months; but she was quite sure that the matter had been discussed at a certain conference which took place between Father Bacon and her father and mother and to which Tooralladdy had been summoned, but speedily dismissed. wanted very much to ask him something about it, but she remembered to curb her curiosity.

The fact of the matter was that Tooralladdy himself had asked for a postponement, and stated his reasons frankly to Senator Darbison one morning when he came for the pigs' feed.

"If I've got to testify in this Gallio case, Mr. Darbison," he explained, setting down his buckets at the stable door and coming into the harness room where his friend and patron was inspecting a new saddle, "I'd rather not start in at St. Ignatius's until it's over, because all those fellows at the college will be guying me about it and asking me questions. You told me I mustn't talk about it any more'n I could help—" When Tooralladdy was excited or very much in earnest he occasionally reverted to his former methods of speech.

"The more you talk about it, my boy, the more the story grows; and I want you to tell it

as accurately as possible in court."

"Yes, sir, I know that—about the growing, I mean. I always meant to tell the truth about it; but sometimes, when I used to be telling it, all of a suddint—sudden, I mean—I'd find I was adding on something that somebody else had said or done, so I stopped. But those fellows'll plague the life out o' me, I'm fearin'."

"That's true, Tooralladdy; there's something in that; but it ought not to interfere with your education; and if you lose time now, at the beginning, it may cost you a full year's work."

"I'm sure I can make it up, sir, by studyin' nights, and I'll see can I get Father Bacon to mark off the lessons for me. Will he know them, sir, do you think?"

"Not a doubt of it," said the man laughing.

"I didn't know, sir, him bein' only in the parish school."

"And did you think he was put in the parish school because he was not as scholarly as the other priests? Let me tell you, Tooralladdy, there's not a better scholar in the Order than that same Father Bacon."

"Yes, sir," assented Tooralladdy, believing but not comprehending.

"I'll ask him what he thinks of your plan," continued the senator.

"All right, sir. You know, I want to do what you and him—I mean, he—says; but this was just somethin' I was thinkin' myself."

In view of the fact that the trial of Cesare Aretino for the murder of Luigi Gallio was on the docket for the fall term of court; and under the circumstances, considering that it might last several days, or perhaps even longer, and so interrupt his studies, Tooralladdy's reluctance to enter upon a new phase of life among

a new set of associates was allowed to have some weight; and so he continued his morning tasks in the school-room with Cillie and Dillie, and in the evening repaired to Father Bacon's room in the college, where he was coached, as much as possible, in the lessons that the sixth grade had done that day.

Late in October the Gallio case was called; and Cillie and Dillie looked with some awe upon their friend and companion as he stood by the dining-room fire one chilly morning, in his poor but well-kept Sunday suit, waiting for their father, with whom he was to go to court.

"Gee whiz! I'm glad I'm not you," said the little girl. "Suppose Cesare'd jump up and stab you, right there, before the judge could stop him."

"Oh, don't be a goose, Cillie!" her brother protested. "Where would he get a knife, and what would he want to stab Tooralladdy for?"

"Why, for testifying on him, of course."

"Testifying on him! Huh! That's just like a girl! Tooralladdy isn't the only one to testify, so why should he stab him? And besides, the judge wouldn't be the one to stop him; he sits on the bench, and Cesare will be among the policemen, I guess."

"And he'll have handcuffs on, too, won't he?"

"I don't know," answered Dillie, hesitatingly; "but, anyhow, he can't hurt anybody."

"Oh, I'm not afraid he'll hurt me," said Tooralladdy, with a rueful laugh; "at least, not now; but if he gets off, that's the time I'm going to run away and hide from him, 'cause he'll kill me, sure, then."

"Oh, I hope they'll hang him!" cried Cillie, dancing up and down in terror. "Or, anyway, put him in the penitentiary forever," she added, relenting from her vindictiveness.

"What a funeral-face my little girl has on," said Senator Darbison, entering the room. "Why, you all look as though Tooralladdy were going to be tried for murder, himself. Come, come! This is a serious business, but not a cause for terror. Keep your wits about you, Tooralladdy, and don't show that scared face in court. Now we must be off; and if we're not back for dinner, we'll be here for supper and then you'll hear all about it, if we're not starved to death. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Tooralladdy, less cheerily, but with some show of bravery; and to a chorus of good-byes from Mrs. Darbison and the children on the side porch, the two set forth on what Tooralladdy thought was going to be the most terrible day of his life.

But it was not, after all; because, you know, "nothing is as good or as bad in reality as it is in anticipation."

The trial had been in progress three days and many witnesses had been heard who testified to the ill-will that existed between Cesare and Luigi, most of these showing a friendly feeling toward the dead man, but a few trying to give the impression that he was to blame equally with his murderer for any quarrels that had arisen between them.

Tooralladdy had grown somewhat accustomed to the routine of the court-room, when he was startled by hearing the clerk's voice call his name, and he went forward to the witness stand encouraged by a nod from his friend and a whispered "Keep your wits about you now!"

The boy was permitted to tell, almost without interruption, the story of his pursuit of Cesare on the evening of the murder, and he pointed out, on a small map of the locality, the route he had taken, explaining why he had done so, and his almost certain knowledge of the course the murderer would take in his flight.

On cross-examination he was asked why he had followed the man.

"Because," answered Tooralladdy, "I heard the fellows at the corner hollering murder, and when he ran past me and I saw him making for the Welsh Yard, I thought he'd get tangled up down there and if I kept sight of him I could tell the policemen, when they came, where he was."

"Weren't you afraid of him?"

- "Yes, I am"; and the boy glanced fearingly at the prisoner, who was glaring savagely at him.
- "You say you are; but were you not at the time?"
 - "Yes, sir."
 - "Why?"
- "Because he had a knife in his hand and it was all bloody; and he had it in for me, anyhow."
 - "What for?"
- "On account of Dave," he replied, hesitaingly.
 - "Dave! Dave who?"
 - "Dave Giffen."
- "Had you and this Dave been badgering him?"
- "I don't know what badgering is, sir, but I hadn't done nothing to him; and Dave—he's —he's drowned."

A snarl from the prisoner and a flood of rapid speech in his native tongue here interrupted the proceedings, but Cesare was quickly silenced and the questioning of Tooralladdy went on.

"Will you tell the court why Cesare had it in

for you, as you say?"

"He knew I saw what he done to Dave, the time he was drowned."

"What did he do to Dave?"

"Well, you see, a gang of us went in swimming that night, and we were diving off the ledge of the sewer and swimming out to the sand barge and back again. And then one time Cesare stayed on the barge, and when Dave swam out, he dared Dave to swim all around the barge. Dave was the bulliest swimmer in the lot and he wouldn't take a dare. 'Twasn't much of a dare, anyhow, 'cause there wasn't much suction under the barge, and when I saw Dave starting 'round the end of the barge, I thought I'd try it myself; but Dave was pretty far ahead of me, and before I got 'round to the far end of the barge I heard Cesare yelling 'Help! Help!' and things like that. I tried to see him, but I couldn't see from where I was, so I kept on swimming, and when I got 'round the end-" Tooralladdy paused; Cesare was muttering and scowling and the boy was manifestly afraid of him.

"Well, what then?" asked the judge. "Don't

be afraid of the man; he shall not be allowed to harm you."

"I couldn't see Dave," Tooralladdy continued, "but Cesare was hanging over the side of the barge, holding on with one hand and foot, and the other hand and foot was in the water. I thought he had hold of Dave and couldn't pull him out, so I yelled for help, too, and Cesare let go his hold and scrambled up on the barge. Then Dave bobbed up and threw up his arms like this, and Cesare reached down, I thought, to grab him; Dave got his fingers in a crack and I thought he was going to come out all right, but Cesare gave him a shove and Dave went down and didn't come up no more."

There was a moment of breathless silence in the court room during which Tooralladdy looked earnestly at the judge and the judge and every one else in the room looked at the boy. Then the judge asked:

"Do you mean to say that Cesare deliberately held Dave down beneath the water until he had drowned?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I think. At least, he held him down until Dave was played out and couldn't save himself."

"But why—why should he do anything so monstrous?"

"He and Dave had a fight that day, sir, about old man Giffen—I mean Dave's father."

"Tell us about that."

"The old man was drunk, and some of the neighbors were poking fun at him, and Cesare promised Lucindy Gift some candy if she'd keep it up; and Dave went up to him and said he'd knock him down if he didn't let his father alone; and then Cesare swore at Dave and Dave sassed him back and was going to hit him; but Cesare went away and shook his fist at Dave all the way up the street."

"How do you know all this?"

"I was with Dave and I saw it."

"And yet they went swimming together that evening?"

"All of us fellows were going, and when we started Cesare came, too."

"Did he and Dave quarrel on the way?"

"Not exactly quarrel; but Cesare said something about the old man, and Dave said if he didn't shut up he'd hit him."

"And do you mean to say that you have known this for weeks and never told it to the other boys or to any one until now?"

"I told—" the boy hesitated; "I told three persons. I told one the very next morning, and then I told another, and they told another;

and they all said I might be mistaken and it was a terrible thing to say if it wasn't true. But I know it is true. And he said—this last person said—I mustn't breathe it to a soul unless he gave me leave."

"And has he now given you leave? Who was it?"

"It was Father Bacon. Yes, sir; he gave me leave."

"And who were the others?"

Tooralladdy looked across the court, and getting a quick nod from Senator Darbison,

replied:

"The first was Mrs. Darbison. I told her the next morning when I went after the pigs' feed, 'cause she said she knew I had something on my mind, and I had. I was scared to death of Cesare and she said she'd tell the senator and Cesare shouldn't hurt me."

"But about Cesare; did he ever threaten you or in any way give you to understand that he knew of your suspicions and was afraid of you?"

"He watched me for a week or two and he saw I was kind of afraid of him; and one time he thought he had me in Mrs. Doolan's shed, but it was Timmy; and Tim told me afterward that when he was in the shed and

Cesare was on the roof of it, Cesare said that boys could be stuck with a knife as well as drowned, but Tim didn't know what he meant and I didn't tell him. And another time he saw me talking to Luigi and he asked me what I was saying to him, and I told him 'nothing'; and he said I'd better not."

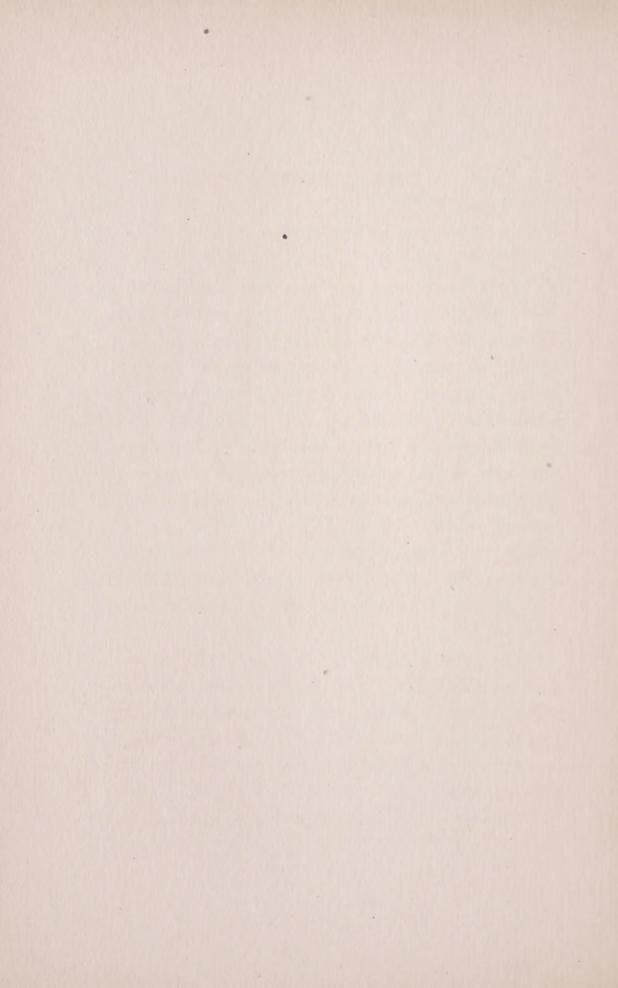
"And didn't you think of all these things when you followed him through the Welsh Yard down to Drain street? And weren't you afraid to go?"

"No, sir, I didn't think of anything but heading him off; but I didn't know how I was going to do it till I heard Uncle Dan's voice down in Meiner's saloon."

This was about the gist of Tooralladdy's testimony, and although he was subjected to a lengthy cross-questioning, nothing more was elicited from him, nor could he be shaken in any of his previous statements. Whatever favorable impression Cesare's witnesses may have made as to the ill-feeling between him and Luigi—and some of them swore strongly, if falsely—it was evident that Tooralladdy's testimony had weight with the jury as showing the character of the accused. His statement it was said in the court-room, was the keystone of the prosecution, and the boy was depressed

by the thought that perhaps he had put the noose around the murderer's neck, even though his conscience acquitted him for having done so.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned with Senator Darbison to the house he had come to regard as his refuge and stronghold, if not his home; and in recounting to Cillie and Dillie and their mother the big events of the day, he found his depression wearing off under the influence of their cheerfulness; but the sobering influence of that experience, and his whole connection with Cesare, never quite faded from his mind either as boy or man.



CHAPTER XIII

TOORALLADDY'S REWARD

CESARE'S sentence was one that lifted a weight—the fear of his vengeance—from Tooralladdy's heart; for the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree and the judge imposed a sentence of twenty years at hard labor. When the boy heard this news from the lips of his friend, Senator Darbison, a couple of days after his memorable appearance in court, he involuntarily breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"By the time he gets out," he innocently remarked, "I guess I won't be afraid of him; and maybe I won't be living around here,

anyhow."

"I hope not, my boy," said the Senator, and flashed a twinkling glance of amusement at his wife; but she heard only the pathos of the boy's remark and put her hand protectingly on his arm as he stood near her table in the school-room.

"Twenty years from now," the senator con-

tinued, "I hope to see you a man of consequence in this or some other city, and not afraid of the possible vengeance of a murderous Italian."

"Yes, sir," responded Tooralladdy, meekly and respectfully; but he thought in his heart that he would feel better, at all events, if he knew himself and Cesare to be many miles apart.

"There's a matter that concerns you, Tooralladdy, and about which Father Bacon and I have had considerable thought and discussion; it concerns your future and your education."

"Am I not—" Tooralladdy began, and then suddenly stopped, with anxious eyes looking from one to the other of his two best friends.

"Not what?" asked Mrs. Darbison; but the boy was still silent.

"What were you going to say, Edward?" she urged. "Surely, you may speak freely and frankly to us."

"It—it sounds like begging," he replied, reluctantly, "and I never did that; I intended some day, to pay you back in some way for all you've done for me, or, anyhow, to help some other fellow along in return for it; but ain't I going to St. Ignatius's, after all?"

"That's just the point, Tooralladdy, that I

think you'll have to decide for yourself. You know, Gallio has grown old and feeble and somewhat irresponsible since Luigi was killed, and his wife and daughters have had to take charge of his affairs and of the business. Now, Mrs. Gallio feels that it was owing to you, in all probability, that Cesare was captured, and it was your testimony, n the main, that convicted him, and therefore she owes you something in gratitude; and she has been consulting with Father Bacon as to what she can, or what would be best to do for you."

"Nothing!" interrupted the boy, impetuously. "I don't want anything for helping to catch Cesare. That would seem like blood-money."

"No, no; you mustn't feel that way about it at all! It wasn't in any spirit of revenge that Mrs. Gallio attended the trial, though that may have entered more or less into the old man's feelings, who is a thorough-going Italian, but in the interest of justice; and, naturally, with a vital interest and sorrow on account of her loss. And that she now desires and offers to do something for you, to assure your future, is not by way of pay, but in gratitude; and the payment of a debt is quite a different thing my boy, from the tribute of gratitude."

"Yes, sir; I know, sir; but why should she

do anything for me? She's not my friend, like you've been, and Mrs. Darbison."

"Perhaps because she never had the opportunity, Edward. If she had known you before—"

"No, no, she couldn't have been as good to me as you've been," the boy protested; "she'd never know how, though she might have meant to be. She might have taken me in, or given me a job, or even sent me to school; but she couldn't have taught me things—made me see things like you all have done. Please don't think sir, that I don't thank her just the same for wanting to do it as if she had done it; but I'd rather do what you want."

"What we want, Edward, is what will be the best thing for you," said Mrs. Darbison; "and that we can only decide—or, rather, you shall decide when you have heard both sides of the question."

"Yes'm," answered the boy, with a gulp at the lump in his throat.

"The case is this, Tooralladdy," said Senator Darbison, kindly. "I can, and will, if you so decide, send you to St. Ignatius's College for a term of years, until you decide what career or profession you would like to adopt; and I can also aid you, somewhat, to fit yourself for

your career; but meantime you would be obliged to earn something for your own support, and as you grow older you will find that more difficult. I mean, you can not then black boots or sell papers or feed pigs or drive hack or run on errands as you do now; and you could scarcely take a clerkship and keep up your attendance at school. You can not always, or even for very long, remain with Mrs. Doolan as tender of the pigs; nor will you be content to be at Tom Gorman's beck and call early and late. Aside from the fact that these things will grow distasteful as your experience grows and your surroundings change, your studies will demand more and more time and attention and leave you less opportunity for labor. Then, as you must leave Mrs. Doolan-"

"She's been mighty good to me," the boy

put in.

"That she has! I trust you will never forget it; but she can not much longer accommodate you, now that Johnny is growing big enough to take your place. And when you leave her, it will be a hard matter to find another who will do as well by you. So, you see, circumstances are thrusting you out of that groove. Now, Mrs. Gallio's first suggestion to Father Bacon was that you were to go to the Prepar-

atory Seminary; she has some idea, or some hope that you intend to be a priest."

Tooralladdy shook his head.

"No, sir," he said. "I never felt any call that way. I want to be an engineer and build railroads or bridges or dig mines."

"Very good. I told Father Bacon that I thought Mrs. Gallio was mistaken and he agreed with me; and when he had persuaded her that St. Thomas's was out of the question for you, she eagerly urged that you be sent to some college, any college that he might select, where your comfort and your education would be assured. For this purpose she intends to place two thousand dollars in my hands, to be used for your benefit; and while it is a generous offer on her part, I assure you, my boy, that she can easily afford it, and so you need not hesitate on that score. If you accept her offer, your finances are assured for at least five years; with judicious management of the fund, for even a longer time; and as soon as you are on your feet you can think about making a return of her generosity. You see, you have the choice, on the one hand, between an education obtained under difficulties which may lengthen the struggle and perhaps dishearten you, and, on the other, a speedier attainment of the end in view and an assured living while attaining it. Between these two you must choose—but not now," he added hastily, seeing Tooralladdy about to speak. "Take a few days to think about it."

"I was only going to ask what you and Father Bacon would rather I should do," said Tooralladdy.

"They want you, first, to think the matter over thoroughly, Edward," interposed Mrs. Darbison, "and then be able to give some good reason for your decision."

"And remember, Tooralladdy, that whatever your decision may be, no one will find fault with it or with you. It is your affair, chiefly, and whichever way you may decide it, we will all be satisfied."

Tooralladdy pondered the matter of his future for several days, seeking information on one point or another from his three staunch friends, the Darbisons and Father Bacon; and finally he announced to the latter, after he had served his Mass on Sunday morning, that he had decided to accept Mrs. Gallio's generosity, though he would much rather it had been that of his first and best friends. Following Father Bacon's advice, he stopped on his way home to inform the senator and his wife of his deter-

mination; and there was a pleasant glow in his heart, which had hitherto been regretful, as he realized that his choice was the one that best pleased them.

"I shall be sorry to lose my good scholar, Edward, but I think you have chosen well," said Mrs. Darbison.

"And so do I, my boy! This will be better for you than I could have done; and though we will miss you—sha'n't we, chicks?"

"Um-hm," said Dillie, sententiously; and Cillie bit her lip and nodded, but speedily inquired:

"Where is he going?"

"To St. John's; and that's about nine hundred miles away."

"And won't he come home, ever? Not even vacations?"

"That is to be Edward's home for the next five years. If he still remembers his old friends at the end of that time—"

"I'll remember you," said Tooralladdy, simply.

"Perhaps he may then come to visit us before setting out to make his fortune in the world."

"Yes'm," again said Tooralladdy simply and earnestly. "And will you and Father Bacon

kind of look after Uncle Dan?" he continued, turning to the man who represented to him all that a man should be and that he knew his uncle was not.

"I will indeed, Tooralladdy, though I can't promise you much on that score, I'm afraid," said Mr. Darbison.

"I know that, sir. He was one of the reasons I didn't want to go; and yet, if I stay—he couldn't do me any good," he added, hesitatingly, "and maybe I couldn't do him any; but if I get away and do something for myself, I might be able to help him, too, after a while. Don't you think so?"

"Let us hope so, at any rate."

"You see, he's all I've got; and he was good to me—good as he could be, I mean. He never bate me—beat me, I mean," he corrected himself, smiling to see how easily the old pronunciation slipped out when his thoughts reverted to the old days.

Tooralladdy was to enter St. John's College after the Christmas vacation; and as the journey would occupy several days, he was to leave home—the only home he had ever known—the day after Christmas, quite early in the morning.

"Mama," suggested Cillie, "let's see the last

of Tooralladdy all to ourselves. Let's have him here all of Christmas Day and all night, and

send him away happy in the morning."

"A good idea, Cillie; I'm glad you thought of it," answered her mother, and the plan seemed equally happy to Dillie and his father. So in the dusk of Christmas eve Tooralladdy's small and modest trunk was carried up the street from Mrs. Doolan's in a borrowed wheelbarrow, and that good woman herself escorted it, to tell "the sinater" what a "foine felly" young Tooralladdy was, and that "annybody who gave him a helpin' hand would have the blessin' o' God" on him, so he would; and she modestly and in all honesty denied that she herself was entitled to a share in that blessing.

"Arrah, what's thaht!" she exclaimed; "a few shucks in a cupboard and the care o' the craters marnin', noon, and night! Could anny wan do less? Sure, it's yourself and herself that's been the makin' of him, not to mintion that poor wumman at the corner that has supped sorrah many's the night an' is puttin' him in the place of the son she lost, God rest him! 'Tis all of ye that he's beholden to, an' may he never forget yez—an' I'll warrant he never will."

And she withdrew after bestowing on the

abashed Tooralladdy a powerful and overwhelming embrace.

Tooralladdy's Christmas was a happy, happy day, made up of gayety and of quiet enjoyment, the exchange of a few pretty but simple gifts and the atmosphere of a loving household. Late in the afternoon he went to take a last look at the quiet school-room where he had learned so many lessons; and every haunt of the lawn and stable he visited "for the last time" with Dillie and Cillie; first one and then another of the trio saying "don't you remember," and "don't forget," or "this is the place—" or "when you're gone," or "when I come back."

After tea, when they gathered around the library fire, that and the light of the tiny candles that burned before the stable of Bethlehem which had replaced the children's Christmas tree since they had grown, was all the illumination in the room as they softly sang the Christmas hymns and carols; and in the rosy glow Tooralladdy thought he could never see dearer or sweeter faces, even though he had had father, mother, sisters and brothers of his very own.

"I'll always have this day to remember," he said, "no matter what comes or goes. You've always had it—maybe it's nothing par-

ticular to you; so you can't know how I thank you for it, with all the other things I owe you."

There was a long silence and then Tooral-

laddy spoke again.

"I wonder what he's doing now?"

"Who?" asked Dillie, in surprise.

"Cesare," he replied. "I've been thinking of him more or less all day. It seems rather rough on him that all my good fortune should have come from his crime and misfortune."

"I was thinking of him, too," said Cillie, and she laughed softly. "You remember the night he killed poor Luigi," she said, bending toward Dillie in the firelight, "and I laughed after I went to bed and you asked me what I was laughing at?"

"Yes," he replied, "and you said I'd be

shocked if you told me."

"Maybe you'll be shocked now, 'cause I'm going to tell you. I was thinking of it just now—about Cesare. It isn't wicked mama, nor unkind to Cesare—I was just thinking—"if it wasn't"—she broadened her vowels in imitation but not in mockery of Timmie Doolan—"if it wahsn't for Tooralladdy he wudn't be kotched."

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